THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

DECEMBER, 1808.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK-SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND-PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; MAYNARD, PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Second Letter from a Correspondent respecting a singular communication, was nearly superfluous. We gladly correct any inaccuracies which gentlemen may fall into through inadvertence or haste.

WE do not any more than "An Admirer and constant Reader," recollect the Description of a Hunting Stable in our Magazine, other than the cursory mention of the Duke of Bedford's, in February 1795; Lord Darlington's, in June 1798; and of the Quorndon, February 1805.

W. M'Dowall, Printer, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

H. B. Chalon pinx^t. H. R. Cook sculp.

Tom

Published Novr. 1. 1808, by [illegible]noble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR DECEMBER, 1808.

TOM; A WILD CAT.

An Engraving.

A GENTLEMAN in Berner's Street, having in his possession a very fine animal of this species, a picture of it was offered to us for our Miscellany; and we here present the engraving, as a faithful copy of the original.

ON THE

GENERAL MISAPPREHENSION

RESPECTING

ESCAPE's TWO RACES,

IN

October, 1791.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I HAVE been a subscriber, and an occasional contributor to your Magazine, from its first establishment, now upwards of sixteen years; and join very freely, and from conviction, in the general sentiment, of the gradual improvement of your Miscellany, in useful as well as amusing matter.—In short, your neat, elegant, and conveniently sized back volumes, adorned with beautiful engravings, and replenished with subjects of curious, instructive, or pleasing recollection, seem to me to form the most advantageous furniture for the libraries or book-cases of those—and such are the bulk of readers in all countries—who wish to pass their in-door leisure in light and cheerful mental amusement; in the biography of men and animals, in searching the records of curious and remarkable facts, and of those great and popular national diversions, the turf and the chase. The volumes of the Sporting Magazine are peculiarly calculated for the retirement of the country in old England, and to supply that kind of information and amusement, which is sought with such avidity, in all colonies and parts of the world where the English language is spoken.

In the true spirit of the above sentiments, and with the view of contributing my mite towards the support of the established character of the Magazine, for authentic sporting information, I submit a few remarks on the following passage, in page 54 of your last number.

" Chifney, it may be remembered, died some time ago, in the Fleet prison. It is needless to revive the history of Escape, who was prepa-

red one day to lose, and another day to win. Neither the Prince nor Chifney were in the secret; an under groom managed the business."

I must premise, that the account of this action, and the short and common-sense explanation of the jet of it, which numbers of inquisitive people were actually unable to sift out of the professional accounts, are quite appropriate to your work, as a book of reference, or text-book, on such matters.

Without controverting the possibility of the race-horse of a great man, surrounded with scrutinizing attendants, and under the frequent inspection of a proprietor eminently skilled in horses and the business of the course, being "prepared one day to lose, and another day to win," by an under groom, neither the principal nor his managers being in the secret, I must decidedly insist upon its utter improbability.—The affair of Escape's race, which I perfectly well remember, with all the preceding circumstances, gives no colour or rational pretext for any such conclusion; and the tale was probably invented, with a degree of self-applause and promise of success, by some one who supposed that the conduct of a great man and his jockey stood in need of an apology.

Here, indeed, the general error has always resided. My own sedulous observations and inquiries, at the instant, with the opinion of a writer, who is known also, at the instant, to have taken great pains in the investigation, have fully convinced me, that neither the sportsman, the jockey, nor the horse, on the memorable occasion of those two races, stood in need of any other apology, than a just and fair representation of the circumstances of the case; and such I apprehend the following to be:—

There is little occasion to descend to particulars, which have been so repeatedly published; the case was briefly this:—In 1791, the Prince's horse, Escape, ran at Newmarket, the course called Ditch-In, and was beaten. The next day he ran against the same horses, over the Beacon Course, ridden both races by Chifney, and won the race.—Escape being beat by, and within so short a time beating, the same horses, gave rise to a general outcry, among the losers particularly, that *the bull had been thrown over the bridge;* in plain English, that Escape, with high odds upon him, was ridden foul, or designedly prevented from winning, the first day, and suffered to win the second race, when the loss of the first had occasioned the odds to run against him; by which double manœuvre, those in the secret had amply lined their pockets.

It is natural and even fair enough, to support stratagems and crosses at play, and amongst those, whose proper business even, seems to lie in these tours, and a man need not be over solicitous to defend the characters of sportsmen, on points, as to which even themselves have never appeared very anxious. Indeed, he must have had very slender experience in the business of the turf, and have never had the advantage of admission to a rehearsal, or to a *téte-a-téte* behind the scenes, who has never had reason to suspect a cross. But nevertheless, common place suspicions are not, in every instance, to bear down all rational probabilities, right of judgment, and common sense.—*Give a dog an ill name and hang him.* Thus, from a strange perversion of right

right and wrong, I am well assured, a cross was suspected in almost every race which Chifney rode. That he was immaculate, it would be truly laughable to assert; but I will assert my belief, and it was practical, that Sam Chifney was as honest as his peers, equally so with many of his superiors in the sporting line. And why is not the fair *rationale* of any case, to have its due weight in our judgment, as well as the motive of mere suspicion? Are we to be guided in our verdict by a view of one side of the question only?

There can exist no doubt of the possibility of foul play, in Escape's first race, but equity imperiously demands of us to deny the probability, on the following grounds:—

After the most severe scrutiny, set on foot by the Prince of Wales, and managed by a Committee of the Jockey Club, consisting of members, at no rate intended to favour Chifney, not a shadow of proof appeared, which could justify even suspicion.

No proof, or probable report, ever came forth, of the actual winning of those large sums, supposed to have been won. No particulars could ever be obtained at Newmarket among the betters, jockeys, grooms, stable-boys, or assistants, even in the most confidential way, which has seldom failed on other similar occasions—on this, the whole consisted of a simple downright accusation.

Supposing the race to be fairly run,—and why should we deem it otherwise, without any grounds or proof?—the event I apprehend, ought naturally to have been just as it actually turned out. Granting Escape to have been occasionally an uncertain horse, and to have had great speed, he yet was, in the opinion of the Prince of Wales, and of a majority of the best judges upon the turf, to be classed as a stout horse, in other words, game or continuance was the best of him. It is the nature of this class, to be most successful in a long race, and their fortune frequently to be beaten in a short one, by speedy jades, to which they could give almost any difference of weight over a long course. It is granted nevertheless, that Chifney thought somewhat differently of Escape; but whoever has read Chifney's book, with a sporting judgment, or knew the man, will allow that he was in the habit of confusing his brains with nice and subtle distinctions, the balance of which he was apparently unable to regulate. It is granted likewise, that Escape was occasionally an uncertain horse, and had great speed, but contended from a knowledge of the horse, as well as from Chifney's description of his training and his races, that his quality of speed was the least certain, and his stoutness or bottom, in general, the most to be depended upon.

In the above view, Escape might have been very naturally and very fairly beaten in the first or shortest race, only half the distance of the second, and yet, by his game, beat the same horses over the Beacon Course.

This appears to me, a fair account of Escape's two famous races, which so strangely (in their day) agitated the sporting world, and I request a place for it among your Sporting Cases. Being, Sir, most truly, your old friend, and obedient servant,

A Gentleman Jockey.

Dec. 15.

DISPUTES

DISPUTES BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

IN the year 1804, was published a quarto volume, entitled, the Shooter's Directory, by R. B. Thornhill, Esq. from which work we gave an extract or two in our Magazine the beginning of 1805. The work, doubtless, contains a great deal of entertaining as well as useful matter, with here and there, however, the recital of occurrences unworthy of the author. The brevity of the title might induce a belief, that it simply related to shooting; whereas it embraces the following subjects: Dog—Table of British Dogs—Management and Breeding of Dogs—Pointer—Setter—Spaniel, or Cocker—Grous—Partridge—Pheasant—Wood-cock—Snipe—Hare—Fowling-Piece—Recoil—Range of Barrels—Scattering of Barrels—Double Barrels—Patent Breech—Gun-powder—Shot—Game Laws—Qualification—Game Licences—Game, respecting Grous, Black Game, and Bustard—respecting Partridges and Pheasants—respecting Hares—Mutiny Act—Selling of Game—General Remarks—Stealing Dogs—Duty on Dogs—Distemper and other Diseases incidental to Dogs—The Mange—Receipts—Shooting.

Of the Author of the above work (which, it should be observed, is embellished with several beautiful copperplates) we heard nothing until the unpleasant affair between him and Mr. Champneys, of Orchardleigh in Somersetshire; and which is briefly reported in our Magazine for November 1805, p. 58, vol. 27.

Another equally unpleasant affair has occurred between the above gentleman, Mr. Champneys, and Robert Houlton, Esq. This is also reported in our Magazine for November last, p. 83. Since which, the following Advertisement has appeared in the Bath Paper:

TO SPORTSMEN.

Speedily will be published, the *Sportsman's Recreation and Guide;* by Richard B. Thornhill.——This publication will not only contain a complete and extensive enlargement on the various systems of sport incidental to shooting, but will include every interesting subject from the recent publications connected with the sport; and will embrace an ample discussion on the following subjects:—The Game Laws, as they now stand; their origin, principle, and policy.—Birds of Game described, and their natural history.—Statutes respecting game.—Dogs used in shooting; their description, and the laws respecting them.—Directions for the shooting of hare, pigeon, rook, and swallow.—Shooting rules, and choice and management of ammunition, guns, &c. &c.—Breeding and breaking all sorts of shooting dogs; the diseases incidental to them, with various and numerous recipes, among which is a valuable one for the distemper, and never as yet known to fail.—With many other things too numerous for an advertisement.

Although controversies between private individuals are little worth the attention of the public, yet as trials where game has in any instance been the cause of contention, it will not be thought improper to give a full detail of such as are

are calculated to convey information and instruction, on many important points, to the gunner.—Such then will be found in the trial against the Author of this work; to which will be annexed, the whole business and the affidavits of both parties, with remarks on the same. The Address of the Officers and Privates of the Frome and East-Mendip Volunteer Cavalry, and Nunney Infantry, to the Author, (their captain and adjutant.) The Letter from the Officers of the above corps to Lord Hawkesbury, Secretary of State, requesting of his Lordship to intercede with his Majesty for mitigation of punishment. Also, the trial of Robert Houlton, Esq. which will be found highly interesting to the sporting world.

The Author of this work thinks it necessary to observe, that it will be found very satisfactory to the interested friends of both parties concerned, to have the affidavits as they exactly were made in Court; which will prove the base and malignant assertions of individuals, and contradict the assertions of the newspapers; for as every thing will appear on oath, those who are inclined to an impartial investigation or inquiry, must view the newspaper reports as palbable mistatements, given to them by some of the parties, with a view to prejudice the public mind.

The work will conclude with a Treatise on Duelling, with serious and cautious advice to the Seconds, and the frequent practice condemned.

" Let those laugh now, who never laugh'd before
" And those who always laugh'd, " now laugh the more."
POPE.

" Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
" And every grin so merry draws one out."
WALCOTT.

N. B. The Designs and Engravings by the most eminent Artists.

We can have no business with the intentions of this Gentleman as to his future Sporting Publication, but we notice his promises to enter into the investigation of controversies respecting the Game Laws, and of those particularly, that have taken place between Mr. Champneys and himself, and Mr. Houlton and Mr. Champneys.

Mr. Thornhill having already smarted under the pressure of a sentence of the Court of King's Bench, for his offence to Mr. Champneys and Mr. Houlton, being now smarting under the same circumstances, for a similar outrage against Mr. Champneys, we cannot avoid offering some remarks upon the inutility, if not danger, of any acrimonious strictures upon the conduct of the judges or the juries before whom their respective trials took place.

The circumstance of a handful of volunteers, who are under the immediate influence of Mr. Thornhill, applying to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, to qualify the judgment delivered in the Court of King's Bench, is perfectly ridiculous. Under this impression of thought, we advise those gentlemen to be extremely cautious in their measures, as they may hazard much, and gain nothing. We have some glaring instances before us, which might and ought to awaken a deep consideration for the consequences of interfering with the verdicts of juries, and the dispositions of judges.

When

When the penal code was formed, it was the indispensable purpose of keeping the malignant passions under a due controul: to prevent the violent from assailing the temperate—the strong the weak—the angry the peaceful; and, by drawing a circle of protection around the best members of society, it prevents the impassioned orders of men from indulging their injurious propensities, at the expence of the peace and happiness, and security of society. We urge this in friendship; but if experience cannot convey instruction, the moralist must recede, and the magistrate lift his arm again.

ACCIDENT BY A STAGE-COACH.

King's Bench, Dec. 8, 1808.

BAKER *v.* BOLTON.

THIS was an action to obtain reparation for an injury sustained through the negligence and inattention of the defendant's servant. The plaintiff is a retired publican, who formerly kept a house called the Shades, in Westminster; and the defendant a joint proprietor of the Portsmouth Coach.

It appeared, that the plaintiff and his wife, on the 18th of May, took their place outside the defendant's coach from Portsmouth to London. The coachman was so intoxicated, that he drove on a bank in Putney-lane, and overturned the coach. There were ten outside passengers, all of whom were more or less hurt. The coachman himself, whose negligence and incapacity had occasioned this misfortune, had both his legs broken.—The plaintiff's wife had her thigh fractured, and the bone was forced through the flesh more than two inches. In consequence of this accident, the limb was amputated, and she died soon after, in St. George's Hospital. The plaintiff himself was strained in the loins, and bruised from the shoulder to the ancle bone, and the rest of the passengers were more or less hurt.

Lord Ellenborough observed to the Jury, that they were bound to give a liberal, but not an extravagant compensation. The Jury found for the plaintiff. Damages, 100l. The coachman, we understand, on coming to the foot of the hill on Wimbledon Common, instead of keeping strait up the high road, took the left, and found himself in Putney-lane, where, turning the corner of Mr. Kensington's wall, in order to get again into the road at Wandsworth, the coach was overturned.

CHRISTMAS DIVERSION.

THE amusement cut out for the Christmas holidays among the *gemmen* who are fistic amateurs, was to witness a boxing-match between two second-rate candidates of Caleb Baldwin's Academy, of the names of Norris and Kingston, which took place on the 27th instant, for the best purse that could be collected in the neighbourhood of Hampstead. The match was begun and ended in ten minutes; there was some good fighting in that time, and the combatants were well matched, but a chance hit on the side of the head put Norris's powers to sleep for several minutes, and Kingston was conducted to Westminster by a party of ladies in triumph, who declared they would spend the winning-money (two guineas) in rounds of gin.

EXTRAOR-

EXTRAORDINARY ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following case will, I hope, be a sufficient excuse for my wishing its insertion in your interesting and widely-circulating Magazine. Should you think the subject contrary to the information generally conveyed through the medium of your publication, I trust the singularity of the case will of itself remove all objections. However, I think I can safely affirm that its novelty cannot fail being acceptable to the generality of your readers.

Ann Moor, aged 48, a poor woman, of Tatbury, in the county of Stafford, has lived twenty months without food; however, not being (like many others) perfectly satisfied with the common report in the neighbourhood respecting her case, I took an opportunity of visiting her personally, in order to ascertain the exact particulars of her case, when I had, by her own statement, the following account of her miserable condition:—In the year 1804, she was attacked with a very severe illness, which I concluded, from her account, must have been an inflammation of some of the viscera of the abdomen; from this she gradually recovered, by the assistance of the surgeon of the place, after thirteen weeks confinement. After this, she had, the same year, at intervals, (I believe regularly) violent fits, accompanied with a spasmodic affection of the stomach. The succeeding year, 1804, she was again attacked with a second inflammation of some part of the abdominal viscera: this attack, which was not quite so violent as the former, she recovered from gradually, after a confinement of eleven weeks, when she found it had materially mitigated the spasms and fits which she had been accustomed to sustain the preceding year. But what must have been a still greater affliction to her was, that her appetite, and the digestive powers of the stomach, were considerably impaired, particularly the latter. From the irritability of that organ, every thing was rejected that she took, excepting such mild aliment as tea, milk puddings, or vegetables. Of these she took so small a portion, that it was believed by all her attendants she would soon fall a victim to the want of that nourishment which the system requires, to supply the wastes of nature. In this state she continued until the spring of 1806, when she undertook to superintend the daily dressing of a fistulous ulcer in a poor boy's back, which, from its offensive nature, and the boy's inability to procure the attendance of a surgeon, every one declined. Ann Moor thought it an act of charity to attend him, and, with unremitting care and attention, she applied herself to the daily dressing of the ulcers, with those detergent applications which she alone had procured for the purpose. It was not until the warm months of August and September that this disagreeable engagement appeared to affect her, when she found it impossible to divest herself of the idea, that the offensive matter which issued from the wounds were present to her organs of taste and smell, which, from the sympathy existing between the stomach and those parts, made her aversion to take food become still greater, and for several days she was observed to be incapable of supporting herself in the presence of

of any thing that was offered her in the form of food.

In the month of October, the boy fell a sacrifice to his misfortunes, yet the poor woman, though released from her unpleasant office, continued until the 24th of February, 1807, to take only one penny-loaf, with tea, without either cream or sugar, which trifling allowance of bread generally served her fourteen days. She then, Feb. 24, declined taking any kind of solid food whatever, her only beverage becoming that of water and tea, which she generally took upon feeling any nausea at her stomach.

After this time she had regular discharges by vomit (every twenty days) of yellow water, from the stomach, which appeared to consist of the common secretion (or the gastric juice) of the stomach, intermixed with a small proportion of bile. From the woman's testimony being always discredited, she did not draw the attention of any of the faculty until she had lived fourteen months without food, when several surgeons wished to have her removed to a neighbour's house to be watched. This she, without hesitation, consented to, that they might be satisfied with her real case; after this change, proper persons were appointed to watch her day and night, besides being regularly visited by three surgeons, two or three times a day, during which time she did not even drink the smallest quantity of water.

Washing her mouth with water, was, and is, the only thing she continues to do. She voids about four ounces of urine every six days, but has no other evacuation whatever, nor has she had these six months, which leaves no doubt that she lives by absorption. The greater part of all her muscles and soft parts are already removed by that process, though it is a known law of nature, that where one class of absorbent vessels (the lacteals) are deprived, by accident or disease, of the regular supplies of chyle, which is a milky production from the food, the other class (lymphatics) which are distributed all over the body, are called into action to remove and convert, by means of their glands, such a quantity of the soft parts of the body as is required to supply and keep up the regular quantity of blood in the system. This theory is admitted to be established on such a scientific basis, by the late Mr. Hunter, that it would not only be the offspring of a very weak mind in any one attempting to deny its truth and validity, but betray a total ignorance of the structure and economy of the human frame; therefore, according to this principle, why any other person should not live for the same length of time, though deprived of food, remains a question to be explained by the enlightened part of the profession.—It is hoped they will not think it unworthy of their attention, to endeavour, by their joint labours, to develope this mysterious case, which I doubt not at present puzzles men the most learned, to account for its extraordinary singularity.—I scruple not to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

WM. ROBINSON, V. S.

Tamworth, Nov. 28, 1808.

P. S. *by the Editor.*—Mr. Robert Taylor, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and resident at Lane-End, Staffordshire, has published a scientific representation of this case :—Ann Moor,

he

he observes, is a woman "in whom nature appears to have established a circulating recumbent life, without the usual essential of nutritious juices." After she was first seized with the cramp, or spasms in the stomach, she drank boiling hot gruel, which, though it scalded her lips, had no disagreeable effect on her stomach; any thing of an inferior heat gave her a sense of cold, and caused tremors; her strength, she allows, is decreased, but her spirits and mental energy have not; her voice is strong, and she talks a great deal; her circumference, measured round the loins, is twenty inches and a half; there is scarcely the trace of any viscus to be seen in the abdomen; the bladder, uterus, and its appendages, are sunk beneath the arch of the pubes, and every thing else, (that might be,) is drawn up under the ribs, so that it cannot be perceived.

From the lowest rib, the integuments descending to the *ossa filla*, form an empty chord-like folding; and, at the umbilicus, the navel, the flaccid *parietes abdominis* may be readily turned over the *lumbar vertebræ*, and no kind of substance felt to intervene. The grand trunk of the aorta may be traced by the finger from the place most immediately under the ensiform process of the sternum, where the loose integument is drawn down upon its bifurcation. It may be drawn from its situation over the spine; "and thus, (says Mr. Taylor,) by holding the skin across this intestine with my thumb and finger, I have been able to make it apparent to the by-standers!"

Ann Moor thinks she is better since removed from her home than before; — her muscular power is such that she can conveniently raise and support herself in bed;—her pulse has lately kept the standard of health with daily exacerbations;—she sleeps well, and enjoys a remarkably serene and happy mind.

THE LAWYER AND HUNTERS.

AN ANECDOTE.

SERJEANT Hill, the father of the English bar, is always accustomed, during the long vacation, to retire to his seat at Rowell, in Northamptonshire. It happened once, towards the latter end of Autumn, that some of the neighbouring squires, being in pursuit of a fox, Reynard, who found himself hard pressed, took refuge, at length, in the court-yard of the venerable Serjeant.

It so fell out, that, at this critical moment, he himself was reading, for his amusement, an ancient case, in which it was proved, that, in a trespass of this kind, the owner of the ground had a right to inflict the punishment of death. To know and inflict the law were one and the same thing in the present instance. Mr. Hill accordingly gave orders for punishing the fox, as an original trespasser, which was done *instanter*, upon the spot.

Exactly at this period, the hunters arrived, with the dogs in full cry; and the foremost horseman, who already panted with expectation of the brush, was the first to behold his victim stretched lifeless on the ground, and pinioned to the ground by cruel plebeian pitchforks. By this time his companions had come up, together with the huntsman, whipper-in, &c. &c. so that the whole yard was completely

completely full. They were at first extremely anxious to know who the daring culprit was that had presumed to bereave the field and the pack of their prey! and were immediately informed that the execution had taken place in pursuance of legal authority. Their murmurs on this increased ten-fold, and when they had the *view halloo* of the venerable Lawyer, who made his appearance, with the book in his hand, to defend the act of his vassals, they became outrageous.

Notwithstanding this, the learned expounder of the law was not to be intimidated;—he knew that he had authorities on his side; and, although he was conscious that the men whom he was now about to address had no great veneration either for the common or statute law, yet he gravely quoted a case from one of the old reporters, that would have puzzled a whole bar of modern practitioners to controvert. The effect, however, was prodigious, for, what with the extraordinary appearance of the worthy Serjeant, who was, indeed, in his gown, which appeared to them a mere *bed-gown*, the singularity of the occurrence, and the novelty of the whole, which was so totally out of the common way, they were so completely *thrown back*, that their rage suddenly abated.

Accordingly, those very persons who would have rode over a wheat-field, with all the hounds in full cry, without remorse, and put to defiance the miserable peasant, who attempted to defend his property from their intrusions, suddenly felt their rage abate, and actually sneaked away, completely chapfallen, followed by their dogs, with their tails hanging between their legs, and both men and brutes affording, for the first time, a most respectful and submissive testimony of obedience to the laws.

SPORTING BIOGRAPHY.

MR. M—L—SH.

TO attain a celebrity in the sporting world, has hitherto required the active exertions of a long life, dedicated solely to the field, or betting-room; but the subject of our present memoir has burst from cover with an impetuosity which has distanced all his competitors, and that too with as fair a character as ever was weighed in the unerring scales of the Jockey-Club.

Notwithstanding his excellence in gymnastic as well as olympic pursuits, he is yet too young to be the *father*, but every one must acknowledge that he is a true son of the turf.

In a short characteristic sketch, it would be impossible to trace him through his varied career; for, a mere recital of his engagements in coursing, racing, and the other manly amusements of the modern *scavoir vivre*, would far exceed our monthly limits.

His sportsman-like and other good qualities, have not only procured the friendship of every jovial member of the turf, but have recommended him to the notice of one who has long been esteemed as one of its greatest ornaments.—His almost universal success at the race-meetings, seems to have given him, at one time, a degree of confidence in his cattle, not frequently seen in so young a man, whilst his acknowledged abilities in the

chances

chances enabled him in most cases to come off a winner. Nor does he seem ever to have doubted his own success, by hedging off, or even paying forfeit, until the well-known affair of Sancho and Pavilion for 5000 guineas, h. f. when he refused 1200 from a certain Noble Lord, though it has been asserted that he would afterwards have given 1000 to be off. Our readers will recollect, that immediately after this, Sancho was beaten by Bobtail, a circumstance as unexpected as it was unpleasant, and which, it is supposed, even then, gave him a distaste to the turf; indeed, we have heard that it was his intention, after fulfilling his engagements, never to run another horse under a sporting penalty.

It may be surprising to some, that the man who *wins* should *lose* money; but they who are surprized at this are not among the *knowing-ones*. A generous disregard for the *main chance* will always expose the fortunate winner to the arts of those whose market is a race-ground, and whose whole stock is a stock of assurance; besides, when a man *hazards* at night what he wins in the day, the odds are sure to be against him.

To enumerate his *successful* engagements (for of others he has but few,) would be but a copy of our Racing Calendar; however, his ambition has not been confined solely to the turf, as he has long been celebrated for his judgment in the selection of his greyhounds, and his attachment to the stage,—not the stage of Thespis indeed, but that which has brought forward more *striking* characters than either the Garden or Old Drury. If a fondness for this amusement has placed him sometimes amongst blackguards, he has not forgot that he is a gentleman; and, though the name of Captain and a red coat are always considered signs of courage, he has given a more convincing mark of it in an affair when he got *winged by a hawk*; indeed, in that business, we know not which to admire most, the cool determined spirit of both combatants, or the good humour with which they came into the field and went out of it.

The annals of the turf, perhaps, never presented a circumstance of such general interest, as the well-remembered affair of Sancho and Pavilion, and its unpleasant issue to the Hero of our Memoir would have ruffled the philosophy of an older sportsman: in this case he might say, with the poet,

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> "But we'll do more."

We have now slightly to notice a melancholy occurrence, which, however, gave Mr. M—— an opportunity of displaying, not only his filial affection, but also his horsemanship. Having heard the alarming intelligence of his mother's illness, he mounted one of his barouche-horses to proceed to London, and actually rode from Brighton to East Grinstead, a distance of twenty miles, in an hour and twenty minutes; — this exertion was so great, that, on alighting, his horse fell down and died.

The subsequent exploits of Mr. M. in the sporting world, are too recent to need repetition; and it has been reported that he means to engage in a *match* of more importance then any of those in which he has been so successful.

Should this be so, we wish him every good luck, nor do we doubt of

his winning, though some cavillers at the marriage state, would tell us *Luck's All.*

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SPORTSMAN.

NO. IX.

POOR JACK—CONTINUED.

———When Love directs her eyes
To pierce where ev'ry passion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise? AKENSIDE'S ODES.

"WHAT poor Jack has been," said I, to the venerable matron and tender mother, "you have informed me; what he at present is, that I have just now seen. From his appearance, I was convinced of his having been generous and kind, joyous, active, and sprightly, and that he had possessed much sweetness of temper and goodness of heart, in those days when his reason was undisturbed. The opposite periods of our lives, different situations and circumstances, 'tis true, have great influence over our minds, manners, and appearances, and in time produce something like a change in human nature herself; yet there is not an individual existing but retains the prominent features of what he has been, that is, what he is by nature. The man of a full habit of body, though he be reduced to little more than a shadow by affliction, yet, on his recovery, he again approaches to a degree of fullness of habit, whilst the spare thin man, though not half so much reduced and brought down, is seldom seen to arrive at a ruddy lustiness. Similar effects are observable in the constitution and temperament of the mind and passions. The spirited and cheerful may be brought under melancholy and gloominess through unpleasant events or unfortunate circumstances, yet time soon effects a cure for the evil, though not always such a one as might be wished; yet such men will again arrive at something of cheerfulness in their behaviour, and a spiritedness in their conduct.

But as there is rarely any material change, either in a man's body or mind, but the cause of it may be assigned, you are, probably, able to assign the cause of your son's peculiar manners and unsettled state, which is a matter I wish to learn."

"It was *Love,* Sir; *Love* was the cause of my poor Jack's misfortune; at least such is the general cry of every one. But my husband says it is no such thing. Love, says he, is the most delightful of all passions known to the human breast; it carries a man through all misfortunes, supports him under every care and trouble in life; supported by love of you, my girl, and my children, said he, I have braved winter's cold and summer's heat, and it has made labour pleasant. Love has made the homely meal comfortable, a dinner of herbs sweet and savoury. With contented cheerfulness I dipped the potatoe in a little salt, was thankful for such food, and ate it with a relish, the remembrance of which does my heart good. In health and cheerfulness I arose from the mean repast, and retired to a bed which many would think hard, but on which I slept as soundly as ever Prince slept in a palace. It was love and an honest heart, dame, that caused all my happiness; it is the root whence happiness springs, the link that connects every thing together, and the prop that supports the whole.

"Such

"Such are my husband's notions of love; and as I have seldom known him in an error in his opinions, I believe all he says, without daring to call it in question. I must, therefore, say, it was unexpected crosses in love, and the loss of the beloved object, that wounded the feeling kind heart of my Jack, depressed his airy spirits, dried up his blood, and unthroned his sober reason.

"A modest and beautiful, and I must believe a worthy young woman, came to wait on a lady in the neighbourhood: she soon gained the affections of my child.—As she was so fond of his company as he of her's, he thought himself sure of possessing an amiable wife in Lydia Waitwell. But modesty, beauty, and a discreet conduct in a woman, gain her more admirers than one. Several young men were endeavouring to form an acquaintance and connexion with Lydia, though, perhaps, without any serious or honourable views. Among her admirers was a shopkeeper, a decent looking young man, in business for himself, comfortably situated, and likely to do well in the world. He had seen and paid Lydia some civilities before my Jack had set eyes upon her. The shopkeeper, however, no sooner found that Jack was paying his addresses and serious courtship to Lydia, and was well received by the fair maiden, than he watched every opportunity of being in her company. Still it was the firm opinion of every one that Lydia greatly preferred the gay huntsman to the sober, attentive, shop-keeper; 'Jack is the man, (said they) who will carry her at last, depend on it.'

"It is easily perceived where affections are engaged. My Jack had not a doubt of his Lydia—the natural complacency and joy of her countenance at his approach, and the pleasure she took in his company, left him no room to fear or think her fickle or wavering; he had confidence in the love which, he was convinced, his Lydia bore towards him, and therefore laughed at the attempts of the draper and grocer, and he either did not think it necessary, or forgot, to engage her hand by any solemn promise.

The hunting season commenced, and Jack was ordered, with horses and dogs, to another seat, there to hunt for six weeks or two months. The business of the chase, amusements, and the pleasures of company, engaged so much of his time, that he wrote to his Lydia but seldom; that is, but seldom for a warm and passionate lover, whom some will say cannot live without scribbling nonsense to the object of his affections daily. But my poor Jack knew nothing of that outside nonsense of love; his passion was real love and esteem; he spoke and wrote like a sincere lover, and one who despised the formality of a passion which should never be assumed.

"My Jack being absent, the shop-keeper had the field to himself. He asked permission of the lady to visit Lydia, declared honourable intentions, and gained leave to see the girl at any time. All her friends and acquaintance warmly advised her to the match, which they considered as advantageous in point of circumstances, very desirable and promising, and begged that she would see and know on which side her bread was buttered. Even her mistress advised her to strike in with the draper, who, she knew, was a sober careful

careful man, attentive to business studious to please and oblige his customers, and every way likely to flourish in the world. Others went so far as to assert, that my poor Jack was engaged, or ought to be so, for that there was a woman then pregnant by him. Poor girl! she was closely beset on all sides.—Then she did not want for ambition; the shop-keeper's appearance, his connexions, his house and furniture, dazzled her eyes, and wrought on her imagination, so she consented, and was married on the morning of the day my Jack returned to the mansion-house, warm in the expectation of a joyful meeting with his Lydia. Poor girl! I will not accuse her of having done a wrong deed; or if she were to blame, yet let me confess that I might have acted in the same manner in similar circumstances and situation. I might have been persuaded—I might have been tempted. She knew not the strength of my Jack's passion for her; their acquaintance had been of short duration, nor could she foresee the bad consequences resulting from her obeying the advice of her friends, to follow which advice must appear as treading in the steps of prudence.

"The bells were ringing when he entered the parish, and he, thinking that some joyful event had taken place, or that good news had arrived, pushed on to participate in the general joy. His joy, however, was soon dashed, for meeting two or three of the neighbouring farmers, they hallooed out with eagerness, 'Ah, Jack! you have lost your girl; why did you not come a day sooner? the shop-keeper has her—the bells declare it: you must now look out for another, my lad.'—'That will be an amusement to the huntsman,' said the other, 'he loves to start fresh game, for that makes fresh sport.' Thus they, and thus his fellow-servants, talked laughingly of the matter. No one was apprehensive of any serious consequences towards my dear boy on the occasion. Indeed he made light of it; but his heart was wounded, and his spirits drooped, yet he bore up manfully under it, pursued his business, assumed his usual gaiety and mirthfulness, sung his sprightly songs, talked to the horses and dogs, whilst the arrow of love was preying upon and rankling in his heart.—'Twas all in vain, for though his words were cheerful and pleasant, yet his heart was sad; his healthful face became as pale as death; and when the hunting season concluded, then a depression of spirits, and fixed melancholy sadness, seized the poor love-stricken victim. Then every body knew the cause, and every one pitied and mourned his condition. His generous kind master sent for me, and called in all the doctors round to prescribe for him. But what could a mother, what could doctors do? No one can cure a wounded heart.—Fruitless were all my endeavours to cheer his drooping spirits, unavailing all medicine; so the doctors advised a change of air, and thought his old home, with the care and attention of his friends, the most likely means of soothing a mind so uncommonly affected with a melancholy sadness; and we were sent from the mansion, properly attended, and with the good wishes of all its inhabitants.

How changed was the scene in this poor cottage!—Poor Jack, so

lately the life and light of it, now the most pitiable being on earth!—His father and I did our best to amuse him; our concern and sorrow we endeavoured to conceal, and strove to be cheerful and amuse him with our conversation, and though our hearts were heavy, yet, for his sake, we aimed at wit and humour: but gaiety, humour, or mirth, made no impression on him; he regarded it not in the least, either from us or any one else. There was nothing but our visible concern and sorrow, and our being unable to enjoy the meat of which he himself could not partake, that ever excited his attention. At his father's return in the evening from his daily labour, he would brighten up a little, and when his father seemed to enjoy his supper, he would take the morsel ready cut from his plate, and convey it to his own mouth, and say, 'Why should not this be as savoury to me as it would be to my father?'—'Take pains with it, my boy,' his father would reply, 'and you may conquer it; a weak stomach cannot take down food without exertion, any more than a weak man can take up a load.' His eating a bit with us, he perceived, gave us more pleasure and satisfaction than what we ate ourselves, and for that reason, he would be picking a bit, sometimes from his father's trencher, sometimes from mine, while the meat before him stood neglected, or was set aside as offensive to his sight. We were often like men without hope—then we flattered ourselves that he was better, and that time, the ablest of physicians, would again raise the drooping spirits, and restore health and cheerfulness to our poor Jack.

In this manner the summer passed over us. Our hopes and fears were governed by the state of our Jack's health and spirits; when he revived, we did the same; if any moment appeared joyous to him, it was doubly so to us; and whenever any thing seemed to amuse and soothe his mind, or was grateful to his appetite, we had recourse to it the next day, but not always with success. 'What a strange unaccountable being is man!' said he one day; 'the same fire that warmed me yesterday, warms me to-day; my clothing remains each day a defence against the rude attacks of the elements; whilst those things and objects that used to impart to my senses the highest delight and gratification, are now indifferent and disgusting. Meats give me no pleasurable sensations; they impart neither strength, nor spirit, to my system; company, mirth, and music, which used to mount my spirits, have lost their charms—I cannot bear either.'

"Those remarks, Mrs. Sendaway," said I, "shew that at that time your son made just and deep reflexions."

"Indeed, Sir," said she, "he did; his mind and imagination were at that time wonderfully busy: all that he lost in his outward appearance, in health and chearfulness, seemed to be fully compensated in the powers of his mind, which was hourly at work on deep reflexions, on things which appeared too high for him; yet he said but little, but whenever he gave utterance to those sentiments and notions that gave employment to his mind, he appeared to be relieved, and was better after it. Though he spoke but seldom, yet he retired frequently to musing, and to his pen and pencil. All those rude figures of

of men, horses, and dogs, and the writing beneath them, are his own work. When I first saw my dear boy drawing, and composing something to apply to those resemblances, I flattered myself that the amusement would calm and settle his mind, and I should again have the happiness of seeing him as well as ever I had. But when I spoke of the matter to our good Curate, he shook his head, and hinted what he seemed to fear that those flights of fancy might end in. He admired the figures, said they manifested genius, and a fine conception; and the composition below them, he said, was wonderful, all things considered: yet still he shook his head, and looked concerned. I perceived what his fears were, and it pained me to the heart. "Hope the best, Mrs. Sendaway,' said he, 'you will probably have reason to rejoice should what I apprehend occur.—To see a wretched melancholy man become eccentric, wandering about in thoughtless mirth and sportive harmless humour, must surely be an agreeable occurrence, though not such a one as we could wish.'—A few weeks more verified his apprehensions, and blasted all my former pleasing hopes. M.

To be continued.

Mr. FORSYTH'S PATENT GUN-LOCK.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

A Mode of inflaming gunpowder upon a new principle has lately been offered to the public, an account of which, will, I think, be acceptable to most of your readers. it possesses many important advantages, both as to the rapidity of inflammation, and the superior effect produced in the shooting.—I allude to Mr. Forsyth's invention of a lock to inflame gunpowder by means of percussion, for which he has lately obtained a patent.

Ever since fire-arms have been generally used, either by soldiers or sportsmen, the production of a certain, rapid, and complete inflammation of the charge of gunpowder in the chamber of the piece, has been considered of the utmost importance, and every improvement professing to have that object in view, has met with all the encouragement it merited from the public. The fire-arms at first made use of were very imperfect, and were fired by means of a match applied to a priming at the touch-hole, being still the way in which cannon are generally fired. The match-lock was very early invented, and was a natural and considerable improvement upon the former method of firing. This was completely set aside by the introduction of the flint-lock, which, from the liberal encouragement that has been given to ingenious and expert workmen, is probably brought to the highest degree of perfection it can admit of. But still it has several imperfections which cannot be removed. The flints are apt to break, and must frequently be renewed; in wind the spark is often blown away; and a shower of rain not only wets the priming, but the powder in the touch-hole, and also the charge; and even *under the most favourable circumstances*, the inflammation of the charge of powder in the chamber is neither so rapid nor complete as is to be wished for. The cock has to strike the hammer, the spark to fall from the hammer into the pan, the powder

powder in the pan to inflame that in the touchhole; and, although the touchhole, by some late improvements, is made very short (so short that it is hardly safe), yet, as it burns through it like a train, so much time must elapse between drawing the trigger and the discharge of shot from the muzzle of the piece, that a person who has not a very steady hand may deviate far from the object he aimed at, though at first his aim was very correct;—likewise, as inflammation is communicated by train to the powder in the chamber, it must frequently happen that the whole of the powder is not inflamed before it leave the muzzle of the piece.

The lock invented by Mr. Forsyth removes all these objections, and promises ultimately to be a very great improvement, both in great guns and small arms. The inflammation of the charge is produced (without flint) by a sharp blow given to a very small quantity of inflammable powder, confined between two pieces of hard steel. The flash from the powder is driven violently into the chamber of the piece, and at the same instant inflames the nearest and the most distant particles of powder. It can be affected neither by rain nor wind;—it is not so liable to fire by accident as the common lock, having not only the same security from half cock as a common gun-lock, but can also be put in such a position, that, though it should happen to be cocked, and the trigger pulled, yet no inflammation can be produced.

Having used this lock for some time, and finding that I shot so much better with it, I resolved to try whether it was entirely owing to the sudden inflammation, or whether some alteration was actually produced in the manner in which the shot was discharged from the gun, by this mode of inflaming the charge. The result of these experiments, which were tried repeatedly, and with the greatest accuracy, shewed that a considerable change was produced.

In most of the experiments, a strong fowling-piece barrel, bored perfectly cylindrical, and highly polished within, was used, and, in order that the effect of different charges of powder, and modes of inflammation, might be correctly compared with one another, a hard spherical steel bullet, weighing 295 grains, of the specific gravity 7,850, and accurately fitted to the barrel, was in most cases preferred to lead.

To ascertain the force with which the bullet was discharged, the barrel was fixed in a stage, and a frame filled with pieces of fir-deal, about three-eighths of an inch thick, picked as equal as possible as to thickness and hardness: — these were placed about three-fourths of an inch asunder; previous to their being used, they were steeped twelve hours in water. The frame was set at six yards distance from the muzzle of the piece, and the power of the discharge estimated by the number of boards the bullet went through. A hard wadding of paper, correctly fitted to the barrel, by being pressed into a bore of the same size, was put between the powder and the ball; the wadding weighed 35 grains.

After firing a great number of shots, alternately with the patent and common gun-lock, and finding that in every case where equal charges of gunpowder were used, the steel bullet pierced one-fourth or one-fifth more boards with the patent

patent than with the common lock, the following experiments were made with different quantities of gunpowder:—

Common Gun-Lock.		*Forsyth Patent Gun-Lock.*	
Number of grains of gunpowder.	Number of boards pierced by steel bullet.	Number of grains of gunpowder.	Number of boards pierced by steel bullet.
29	18, broke 19	21½	17
		21¾	17 broke 18
		23	19 —— 20
58	25	44	23 —— 24
		46	25
		48	25 —— 26
		50	27

Experiments made with a rifle-barrel nineteen inches and a half long, and lead bullets, hard wadding, and greased cloth round the bullet:—

Common Lock.		*Patent Lock.*	
BULLET WEIGHING 302 GRAINS.			
Grains.	Boards pierced.	Grains.	Boards pierced.
58	22	44	25
BULLET WEIGHING 330 GRAINS.			
58	20	44	23
		46	25

The lead bullet weighing 302 grs. went easily down the barrel; those weighing 330 grains went very stiffly. In all these experiments with lead bullets, the bullet was considerably flattened.

It is to be observed, that the patent lock increases the effect of the powder in a short more than in a long barrel.

To ascertain the difference of the effect produced upon the shooting of a fowling-piece with small shot, with the common lock, and with the patent lock, the following experiments were tried:—the same barrel as in the first set of experiments was used. A target, twenty-eight inches square, and in the middle of the target were fixed a number of half sheets of brown wrapping paper, 17 inches by 10. This target was placed at fifty, at forty, and at thirty yards distance, and the number of pellets that hit the target, and the wrapping paper, and the number of the folds of paper which the pellets pierced, were marked. In all the experiments, No. 4 patent shot was used. The quantity of shot, that, from experiment, was found to suit the piece best, weighed four hundred and ninety-four grains, and contained three hundred and thirty-six pellets.

Common

	Weight of Powder.	Distance.	Pellets in whole target.	Pellets in half sheet Paper.	Pellets that did not pierce more than ten foldsof Paper.	Pellets that pierced more than 10.
Common Lock. .	64	50	60	22	12	10
Patent Lock. . . .	50	50	58	22	6	16
Common Lock. .	64	40	99	30	14	16
Patent Lock. . . .	48	40	95	28	11	17
Common Lock. .	64	30	120	44	15	29
Patent Lock. . . .	48	30	122	45	14	31

Here it was observed, that sixty-four grains of powder is a higher charge than it is possible to use;—the recoil is intolerable.

To ascertain the recoil of a fowling-piece with different weights of powder and shot, the following experiments were tried: — the same barrel as in the former experiments was used. The barrel and lock, and a weight attached to it, weighed, in the whole, nine pounds twelve ounces; was suspended by a line six feet long, from the point of suspension to the area of the barrel, and the recoil, measured by the distance it was driven from the perpendicular, by each discharge of the piece.

Common Lock.

Weight of Powder.	Weight of Shot.	Length of Recoil.		Perpendicular rise of Barrel.	
		Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.
29	295 Steel Bullet.	2	$1\frac{1}{2}$	0	$4\frac{1}{8}$
48	494 Shot.	3	$7\frac{1}{2}$	1	$0\frac{1}{2}$
64	494	4	6	1	7
64	Light Paper Wadding, no Shot.	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	0	1

Patent Lock.

Weight of Powder.	Weight of Shot.	Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.
29	295 Steel Bullet.	2	1	0	4
48	494	3	5	0	$10\frac{3}{4}$
48	Light Paper Wadding, and no Shot.	0	$9\frac{1}{2}$	0	$0\frac{1}{2}$

From these experiments, it is evident that a considerable alteration is produced by this method of inflaming by means of percussion; that, in order to produce the same effect with the flint-lock as with the patent lock, such a charge of gunpowder must be used as would occasion

occasion a recoil sufficient to knock a man down. The result of the experiments on the subject of recoil is somewhat unaccountable, and I shall be happy if either you or some of your readers will communicate your opinion on the subject.

I am, &c.

A. B.

NEWMARKET OATLANDS.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. h. ft. and only 10gs. if declared on or before the 31st of Dec. instant. To be run for on Tuesday in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1809, Ditch-in. If there should be sixteen Subscribers, or more, after the 10 gs. forfeits are declared, the Stakes are to be divided and two classes formed, to run on Tuesday and Wednesday in the same Meeting. And if 24 Subscribers, or more, after the 10gs. forfeits are declared, the Stakes are to be divided, and three classes formed; the first to run on Monday, the second on Tuesday, and the third on Wednesday, in the same Meeting. The forfeits of 10gs. are to be given to the owner of the second horse, and if two or more classes, to be divided between the owners of the second horses.

	Ages.	*st.*	*lb.*
Mr. Shakespeare's Zodiac	aged	9	10
Lord Grosvenor's Meteora	6 yrs	9	7
Mr. Shakespeare's Sir David	aged	9	7
Lord Grosvenor's Eton	4 yrs	9	5
Lord Darlington's Master Goodall	4 yrs	9	0
Duke of Grafton's Musician	4 yrs	9	0
Lord Jersey's Langton	6 yrs	9	0
Mr. Wyndham's Election	4 yrs	8	13
Lord Sackville's Bustard	aged	8	13
Mr. Kellerman's l'Huile de Venus	4 yrs	8	11
Lord C. H. Somerset's Cerberus	6 yrs	8	11
Lord Sackville's Prospero	aged	8	11
Mr. Andrew's Thorn	5 yrs	8	9
General Gower's Cardinal Beaufort	6 yrs	8	8
Mr. David's ch. g. Rugantino	5 yrs	8	6
Lord Grosvenor's Plover	3 yrs	8	5
Mr. Batson's Charmer	5 yrs	8	4
Mr. Croft's Bacchanal	4 yrs	8	3
Mr. Howorth's Cassio	5 yrs	8	3
Mr. Payne's Ferdinand	4 yrs	8	1
Mr. Goulburn's Grimaldi	6 yrs	8	1
Mr. Ladbroke's Master Jackey	4 yrs	8	0
Mr. Blachford's Shuttlecock	5 yrs	8	0
Mr. Cave Brown's Delville	5 yrs	8	0
Mr. Kellerman's Streatlam Lass	5 yrs	7	13
Mr. Howorth's Lauretta	4 yrs	7	12
Lord Grosvenor's Sunbeam	3 yrs	7	12
Mr. Lake's Nymphina	4 yrs	7	9
General Grosvenor's Azalia	4 yrs	7	9
Mr. Croft's Hawk	4 yrs	7	9
Mr. C. Browne's Brother to Maidstone	5 yrs	7	9
Mr. Kellerman's Monk Lewis, by Schedoni, bought of Mr. Wyndham	5 yrs	7	9

General

	Ages.	st.	lb.
General Grosvenor's Gauntlet	5 yrs	7	9
Mr. Andrew's Grasper	4 yrs	7	8
Mr. Howorth's Dwarf	4 yrs	7	6
Mr. Kellerman's Zoroaster	3 yrs	7	6
Mr. Batson's Gladiator	4 yrs	7	5
Mr. Goulburn's Romeo	4 yrs	7	5
General Grosvenor's May	4 yrs	7	5
Sir C. Turner's Bramble	3 yrs	7	4
Mr. Stephenson's b. f. Miss Doubtful, (late Musa,) by Stamford	3 yrs	7	4
Lord Stawell's No-Conjurer, by Sorcerer, out of Sir David's Dam	3 yrs	7	3
Lord Foley's Weaver	3 yrs	7	2
Lord Stawell's Brighton-Lass	3 yrs	7	1
Mr Ladbroke's br. f. Trimbush	3 yrs	7	1
Sir C. Bunbury's Agnes, by Sorcerer	3 yrs	7	0
General Grosvenor's Rifleman	3 yrs	6	12
Mr. Goddard's John O'Gaunt	3 yrs	6	10
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Hambletonian, out of Totterella	3 yrs	6	10
Sir F. Standish's c. by Mr. Teazle	3 yrs	6	10
Lord Foley's Agnes, by Shuttle	3 yrs	6	9
Mr. Elwes's Miss Sophia	3 yrs	6	8
Mr. Goddard's Fuscus	3 yrs	6	8
Mr. Bouverie's Wood Dæmon	3 yrs	6	6
Mr. Ryder's Miss Hawk by Buzzard	3 yrs	6	2

SPORTSMEN UNDER THE TURF.

ON Tuesday, Nov. 29, died, at Newmarket, Thomas Panton, Esq. brother to the late Duchess of Ancaster, and uncle to the Countess of Cholmondeley, and Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby. — Mr. Panton always kept a Racing Stud, and held an eminent character on the turf.—*(See our Sporting Intelligence of last month, p. 87.)*

The beginning of this month died, at the age of 81 years, Hugo Meynell, Esq. so well known on the turf, the field, and in all the fashionable circles, for half a century past. He had been repeatedly attacked by paralytic strokes, during the last two or three years. His shooting residence and establishment, at Quorndon, in Leicestershire, are noticed in our Magazine for February, 1805, and in which is also given a view of the house, &c.

About the same time died, at Newmarket, Mr. John Hilton, many years Judge of the Course at Newmarket, Epsom, Brocket-Hall, and Bibury, and Publisher of the Race-Lists at the former place: he was greatly and justly esteemed by all ranks on the turf, being a man of inoffensive manners and strict integrity.—*(For his portrait see vol. 24, p. 212. No. 142.)*

The beginning of the present month, died suddenly, whilst sitting in his chair, Mr. Potter, formerly groom to Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart. of Great Barton, Suffolk.

BEVERLEY

BEVERLEY HUNT.

BEVERLEY, DEC. 20, 1808.

THE Beverley Hunting Meeting has terminated most brilliantly. The hounds have had a capital week's sport.

On MONDAY week, after running two foxes to ground, they found a third, which they killed, after an extremely sharp and good run.—TUESDAY, they killed their first fox in twenty-five minutes; after which they found again in Holderness, going the best pace for an hour and a half, when, owing to its coming on dark, the fox beat them. The huntsman's famous grey horse Holderness, and many others, died in consequence of the severity of the run.—THURSDAY, they killed a fox handsomely, but owing to the badness of the weather, without much sport.—FRIDAY, they met at Dringhoe, where they found immediately, and had a most capital run of an hour and twenty minutes, the last five of which they viewed their fox, but he got to ground in main earth at Rise. Notwithstanding the severity of the run, not one hound (out of twenty-four couple) was wanting, when the fox got to ground.

This uncommon good week's diversion terminated by a most brilliant and splendid ball and supper, given by the members of the Beverley-Hunt Club. All the beauty and fashion of Beverley and the neighbourhood were assembled. At one o'clock, one hundred and thirty persons sat down to a sumptuous and elegant supper, where every delicacy and rarity of the season was provided, which was universally allowed to do great credit to Mr. Etridge, of York, who was employed on the occasion.—After the champaigne had gone briskly round, the dancing was resumed with increased spirit, good humour, and harmony, and the company reluctantly separated at six in the morning, highly delighted with their evening's amusement.

BULL-BAITING AT WOKINGHAM.

ON Wednesday, the 21st instant, being St. Thomas's day, two bulls were, according to annual custom, baited at Wokingham, and being afterwards killed, the hides were sold to purchase stockings, which, together with the meat, and ten pounds worth of bread, were distributed to the poor.

We have received the following from a correspondent:—

"Both bulls were in very high order; the first (or morning) bull, a very handsome one, crossed with the buffalo, shewed excellent sport, and though he had twenty-one dogs to combat, was never once pinned. The afternoon bull, a fine Sussex-bred one, I can venture to say has never been surpassed. On the first dog's first shoot he broke the chain, and galloped off in triumph upwards of half a mile, then came back nobly to the ring, and after trying the chain two or three times, fought his opponents with the skill of a Gulley or a Crib, without being pinned, till at length night put an end to the sport.---The prize, a silver collar, was divided between Mr. Juke's Ranter and Mr. Merrick's Captain. The whole of the day passed remarkably quiet."

A number of amateurs, and a numerous multitude, were, as usual, present; but a body of constables being in attendance, the highest order was preserved.

GEORGE MORLAND.

IN our Magazine for Aug. 1806, is an account of a publication, entitled "Memoirs of the Life of George Morland, with Critical and Descriptive Observations on the whole of his Works hitherto before the Public, by J. Hassel," 4to. price one guinea. During the present year, 1808, another life of George Morland, with remarks on his works, by G. Dawe, has been published. It is a handsome volume, in octavo, price 12s. and has been highly spoken of in the Monthly Review for August; and in which number, twelve pages are devoted to the article. As the eccentricities, genius, follies, and misfortunes of George Morland may afford some amusement to our readers, we select the following; but not without observing, that Mr. Dawe has doubtless done ample and impartial justice to his character.

Morland—A Jockey.

While at Margate, he wrote the following letter to a friend in London, which is prefaced by an observation of Mr. Dawe's, saying:—His amusements indeed were of a kind that ill accorded with delicacy of feeling. He would frequently take his violin to public-houses, and sing or play to the company. In such society he was always welcome; and not a week passed without his writing a description of his frolics, some conception of which may be formed from the following letter:

"A person whom the people think have offended them, may as well live amongst a parcel of tigers; as they do not mind killing a man any more than a mad dog. You must know I have commenced a new business of jockey to the races. I was sent for to Mount Pleasant, by the gentlemen of the turf, to ride a racer for the silver cup, as I am thought to be the best horseman here. I went there and was weighed and afterwards dressed in the tight striped jacket and jockey's cap, and lifted on the horse, led to the start, placed in the rank and file; three parts of the people out of four laid great bets that I should win the cup, &c. Then the drums beat, and we started; 'twas a four-mile heat, and the first three miles I could not keep the horse behind them, being so spirited an animal. By that means he exhausted himself, and I soon had the mortification to see them come galloping past me, hissing and laughing, whilst I was spurring his guts out. A mob of horsemen then gathered round, telling me I could not ride, which is always the way if you lose the heat: they began at last to use their whips, and finding I could not get away, I directly pulled off my jacket, laid hold of the bridle, and offered battle to the man who began first, though he was big enough to eat me; several gentlemen rode in, and all the mob turned over to me, and I was led away in triumph with shouts. But, however, I did not fare near so well at Margate races, and was very near being killed: I rode for a gentleman, and won the heat so completely, that, when I came in to the starting-post, the other horses were near half a mile behind me, upon which near four hundred sailors, smugglers, fishermen, &c. set upon me with sticks, stones, waggoners' whips, fists, &c. and one man, an inn-keeper here, took me by the thigh and pulled me off the horse; I could not defend myself; the sounds I heard all were, kill him! strip him! throw him in the sea! cut off his large tail! and a hundred

W. M'Dowall, Printer.

a hundred other sentences rather worse than the first. I got from them once, and ran into the booth; some men threw me out amongst the mob again. I was then worse off than ever; Michener rode in to me, dismounted, and took me up in his arms half beat to pieces, kept crying to the mob to keep back, and that his name was Michener, and he would notice them; at last, a party of light horsemen, and several gentlemen, and their servants, some post-boys, hair-dressers, bakers, and several other people I knew, armed themselves with sticks, &c. ran in to my assistance, and brought me a horse, though the mob pressed so hard, 'twas long before I could mount. After I was mounted, and got to some distance, I missed my hat; at last I saw a man waving a hat at me; I rode to him, and found him to be a person I knew very well: he found means to get it me whilst two sailors were fighting who should have it. I went to the King's Head at night, met many of my bloods and bucks, though none of them could imagine what was the cause for the riot, but supposed it was a parcel of blackguards who had been laying sixpences and shillings against the horse I rode, and afterwards, by the riot, wanted to make it appear 'twas an unfair start, though one started before me. We had three crowns worth of punch at the King's Head, and then marched out to meet them, or some if possible. We got into a fishing-house to look for some of them; however, there was so many in the house, that, though we were armed, they put us all to flight. It was very dark; I ran over the draw-bridge, a stout sailor pursued me, and threatened vengeance; he catched me by the collar; I had a stick with a sword in it; he did not see that, and whilst he was telling me what he would do, I found means to draw it, and had very nearly ran him through; then, some of my companions coming up, he got his gruel. I found the man who dismounted me, and he humbly begged pardon, as did most of the rest. One savage fellow, who is a sore pest of this town, every body advised me to enter an action against him, which I did this morning; so I must conclude, as the watchman is going

"Past one o'clock,

"as usual,

"G. MORLAND.

"Remember me to Congress.*"

Morland—A Constable; his dangerous Frolic.

Of the rashness of many of his frolics, the following will be a sufficient example. He was returning from town about two or three o'clock, armed with pistols, and to try the resolution of the patrole, discharged them close to his ear, and immediately ran off. The enraged watchman pursued with fixed bayonet, but not being so alert as Morland, threatened to fire if he did not stop; when Morland, having carried his joke as far as he durst, laughed, and disclosed his name.

Morland has been represented by his biographers as destitute of personal courage; there are, however, many circumstances which do not seem to justify this imputation, at least during the early part of his life; fortitude he certainly never possessed; but his excursion to

* Congress consisted of the Members of a Club at a public house in Town, to which Morland resorted.

Gravesend,

Gravesend, his conduct at the horse race, and his attack on the watchman, are enterprises which border on rashness rather than timidity: latterly, when enervated by excess, he without doubt shared in that cowardice which is common to the intemperate and debilitated.

Our hero shortly after took it into his head to serve the office of constable for a neighbour, gratis; and so delighted was he at the thought of wielding the staff of civic power, that he would not signify his purpose to any friend until he was sworn in, lest he might be dissuaded from his project; but of this, as of most of his whims, he was soon tired. When he undertook the office, the weather was fine, he was but little employed, and his time consequently not of much value; in short all would have been very pleasant could he have exercised his authority when and in what manner he pleased; but he had forgotten that he should be obliged to attend to his duty in winter, as well as in summer, and to obey as well as to command. When busily engaged in finishing a picture, and in great need of the money, or just going on some favourite excursion, with a jovial party, a precept would arrive from the high constable, ordering him to some distant place, on disagreeable business, that would occupy the whole day; thus his plans, whether for pleasure or profit, were often destroyed. If he had to serve a summons for a jury, he was ever behind hand in executing it, and seldom accomplished it till he had exhausted the patience of the coroner, who did not fail to reprimand him severely. He was not only embarrassed in the discharge of his duties as headborough, but his companions, the hired constables, imposed on his inexperience, by feigning that there were disagreeable commissions to be executed, to get rid of which he would treat and bribe them in various ways. It is not extraordinary, that under such circumstances, he should have been thoroughly tired of his office long before the time of its expiration.

Morland—A Horse-dealer.

Here (at Paddington) his expences were as usual commensurate, not with his earnings, but with his credit: at the White Lion he gave frequent entertainments, and wasted much of his time there: encouraged by the hope of obtaining a picture, every tradesman was earnest to supply him with commodities.—This was the period at which he began to plunge deeply in debt, and what tended greatly to this was the expence of horses, of which he had, at one time, ten or twelve standing at livery; while his extended reputation, style of living, and the money he could command, introduced him to a large circle of acquaintance, suited to his taste. With these he attended all the vulgar sports in the neighbourhood, such as bear or bull-baiting, boxing, and similar amusements, and soon became surrounded by quack doctors, publicans, horse-dealers, butchers, shoe-makers, taylors, and other such like associates, all of whom he converted into picture-dealers.—So much was his easil surrounded by characters of this description, that he had a wooden frame placed across his room, similar to that in a police office, with a bar that lifted up, allowing those to pass with whom he had business. Under these circumstances, it is surprising that he should have continued to improve in his art, as he still certainly did; for in this manner he painted

some of his best pictures, while his companions were carousing on gin and red herrings around him.

Morland—A Pugilist.

About this time he hired a large room in the neighbourhood, which he kept as a school for sparring; but the pugilists soon did so much injury to the premises, that the landlord was glad to get rid of tenants so mischievous. While this academy was supported, he took great delight in the sport; he would often give prizes to the combatants, and provided them with plenty of good cheer. The following anecdote will shew the advantage which these bruising gentlemen took of their patron. Ward, the boxer, one day applied to him for a horse, to ride to some fight; Morland assented, and the boxer proceeded to the stable, selecting one which, exclusive of the furniture, was worth about twenty guineas. A week had elapsed before the animal was missed, from among so many; and Ward being questioned concerning him by Morland, when next they met, the pugilist impudently informed him that the horse was sold.—When Morland was asked if he did not reprove him for his dishonest conduct, his answer shewed that he feared the consequences.

Morland appeared to have an aversion for persons of a high rank, even when they were on a level with himself in vulgar propensities. An instance in point occurred, about this time, at the Rummer, Charing Cross, at which house he, with Bob Packer the pugilist, had made an appointment to meet some of their boxing companions. The party disappointed them, but, as they sat drinking by themselves, the late Duke of Hamilton entered, and, seeing the artist, said to Packer, "Who is he?" Bob replied, "Morland the painter." "Can he spar?" "Yes, your Grace." The Duke then bade him stand up, and Morland obeyed; but the first blow knocked him across the room, and he afterwards declared, he was so awed by the mere name of a nobleman, that, had he possessed the utmost skill, he could not have employed it. His Grace next ordered a coach, and after inquiring of Morland where he was going, desired him to get into it, with Packer, and said he would set him down. The noble peer then mounted the box, and the coachman got behind.—When they arrived near Morland's mansion, the Duke stopped, and asked which was the house; on being told it was three doors further, he abruptly bade the painter get out, and in a manner that did not a little hurt his pride; for he often observed, when speaking of this incident, that he never was so chagrined at any insult he had ever received. In fact, Morland had a considerable share of pride, which was exceedingly mortified, when, from being treated disrespectfully, he felt the consequence of his dereliction of character.

Morland—In high Style; his Profusion.

After residing about a year opposite to the White Lion, he removed to a larger house in Winchester Row, Paddington. At the bottom of his garden was a chaise-house and stable; this he soon converted into a menagerie, where he kept an old horse, an ass, foxes, goats, hogs, and dogs of all kinds, besides monkies, squirrels, guinea-pigs, dormice, and other animals, in abundance.—These he occasionally introduced

into

into his pictures; indeed he was never at a loss for models, let the subject be what it might, for his companions were always proud to exert themselves in procuring them.

At this new residence he lived in his highest style, and, in addition to the expences already mentioned, he kept two grooms, and a footman in livery, His table also cost him not a little; for whether he was at home or abroad, it was continually spread for his pupils or visitors: and as he was acquainted with a wine-merchant, who, like his other creditors, wished to procure pictures, no restriction was imposed on the consumption of that liquor, which often remained in open hampers in the yard. The most prodigal waste appeared in every department of his household; even his colours were used as much for pelting the coachmen and others who passed, as for painting. Such was his senseless profusion, and mistaken generosity, that he would give away his horses, make presents to his companions of great coats, boots, or other articles, which he had scarcely used; or order his taylor to clothe them, and their families, from head to foot, at his expence. So much was he the dupe of those with whom he had dealings, that they charged him almost what they pleased. He has paid, by bill, fifty pounds for a horse which was not worth twenty: of this he was aware, but whatever he took a fancy to he would have; his notes when due, were of course dishonoured, and after secreting himself for a time, he would give a picture equal in value to the full sum in order to have them renewed.

Thus, while his debts were accumulating, he was giving away his pictures, only to procure a prolongation of credit from those, who in the exorbitance of their charges, had fully taken into account the uncertainty of payment.

Our artist has, perhaps, been more severely censured than he deserved for defrauding his creditors; it must be recollected, that most of them administered to his follies only to profit by them; nor could they be ignorant of the state of his affairs, as he made no secret of his embarrasments.

Morland—Tricks with the Ventriloquist.

Another of Morland's favourite companions was a noted ventriloquist, from whose powers he often derived considerable entertainment. On one occasion this person accompanied him to Billingsgate, a place our artist delighted to visit. Morland cheapened a salmon, but his companion, after applying it to his nose, observed that it was not fresh. The woman swore it had not been out of the boat half an hour; but he assured her that it stunk, and that the fish had told him so. "By J—s," was her reply, "and you are a fool to say the "salmon can spake." Morland now interfered, by observing, that if she would only hold the mouth of the fish to her ear, she might hear it herself. She did so, laughing, and calling a neighbour to come and hear a salmon talk; when she distinctly heard these words issuing, as she thought, from the salmon—"you know I stink, you lying b—." The terrified woman soon collected a crowd around her, which afforded our genius and his companion an opportunity to escape to a public-house, where they enjoyed the commotion they had raised. This anecdote

ecdote, among others, does but display the turn of mind in which Morland might be said passionately to indulge.

Morland—His Trick with some stinking Mackerel.

One day, Morland intending to give a supper of mackerel, purchased some himself, of a woman who was passing; but he was soon informed that they stunk most intolerably. Though very much chagrined and disappointed, a humorous thought suggested itself: he took the fish in his pocket, and went, with his companions, to the mahogany room*, at a public house in Francis Street, and the principal scene of his feats at this time. The chairs in this room had broad straps under the seats, between which Morland contrived to stuff the mackerel, where they remained for above a week.—Every person, not in the secret, who entered the apartment, was astonished that they could not discover whence the potent effluvia proceeded, some maintaining it came from the sewer, and others from the beer cellar, which was under the room. Morland and his associates were loudest in their complaints, and refused to sit there till they had lighted their pipes. The cause was not discovered for a considerable time; at length the room received a thorough cleansing, when the servant, in rubbing the chairs, and moving them in different directions, perceived the mackerel.

Morland—His Domestic Manners; and a Scale of Drinking.

The exercise of riding had greatly diminished the effects of his intemperance; but he soon grew too feeble and timid to mount a horse, and the confinement to which he submitted, in order to conceal himself from his creditors, was such as to accelerate the progress of his diseases; for he seldom went out of his painting room, except on retiring to bed. He even took his meals in it, though never at any regular periods, but would sometimes have, at seven in the morning, beef-steaks and onions, with purl and gin, or a pot of porter, for breakfast. His dinner he would take at eleven, or twelve, or one, or three o'clock, according as his appetite served.—He seldom ate his meals with his wife, and, though he kept servants, would cook his own food, and eat off a chair, by the side of his easil; while, in the same apartment, were to be seen dogs of various kinds, pigeons flying, and pigs running about. During the whole day he swallowed all kinds of strong liquors: tea he did not drink, but, when invited to partake of this refreshment, he would shake his head, and say he never drank it, for it was very pernicious, and made the hand shake.

Although he had certainly drank vast quantities of spirits, yet his feats in this respect have been exaggerated, for no constitution could long have sustained the continual excesses which have been laid to his charge. He even frequently availed himself of his quickness at expedients to avoid inebriety, and when with a temperate person, for a whole day, did not drink more than his companion. Of the extremes in which he occasionally indulged, the following document,

* An apartment so called, from the wainscot being all of that wood.

written by himself, in a letter to his brother, will afford a sufficient example:

G. Morland's bub for one day at Brighton, (having nothing to do.)

Hollands Gin Rum and Milk	Before Breakfast.
Coffee—Breakfast.	
Hollands .... Porter .... Shrub .... Ale .... Hollands and Water.. Port Wine with Ginger Bottled Porter	Before Dinner.

Port Wine—At Dinner and after.
Porter
Bottled ditto
Punch
Porter
Ale
Opium and Water
Port Wine—At Supper.
Gin and Water
Shrub
Rum—On going to bed.

In the original here follows a sketch of a tombstone, with a death's head, and cross-bones, and under them this epitaph—

"Here lies a drunken dog."

Morland—His Description of French Manners at Calais.

Port Royal Inn, St. Omers,
Oct. 27, 1805.

"Dicky,

"I doubt if you will be able to read this, as the French pens are so bad, the legs of the tables so uneven, and the paper so coarse. I am now sitting by myself, over a bottle of claret, in a great room, about 16 feet high, starved with cold; a fire-place as large as a moderate room in London, but has not, by the colour of it, felt the warmth of a flame these dozen years; a parcel of French waiters, who, as I cannot talk French, impose upon me at pleasure: these are not half my grievances, but too numerous to write about at present. We set out from Dover last Monday, at one in the forenoon, and had the most amazing quick passage known these twelve years; 'twas no longer than one hour and thirty-two minutes from pier to pier. The sea ran very high, and frequently washed quite over us. Mrs. Hill came down below to avoid the spray, and she was no sooner down than a great sea poured through one of the weather-ports, and wetted her from head to foot. I was the second sick on board, and the first that got well: after my sickness began, and I had a good ——, I went down, tumbled into my hammock, and slept very sound, 'midst straining and groaning: however, I slept till I heard, 'Welcome to Calais, gentlemen and ladies.' I flew out upon deck, and was surprised to find myself surrounded by Frenchmen, and quite a different country about me; extraordinary, that every thing should be so different in so short a distance as twenty-one miles. We landed, and found a coach, which M. Dessein, the master d'hotel, (Sterne speaks of) had sent to bring us to his inn, the Hotel d'Angleterre. On our way to the inn, we went through the fish-market, which put me in mind of Billingsgate, as the women look just as fat and saucy; the boys cry, 'here, English! kiss my a——.' When we arrived at the inn, our first business was to get dry; then my curiosity led me to walk about the town,

town, which is but small. Coming down the Rue de Rampart, some soldiers were flying a kite; I did not see the string, and tumbled over it, for which I got abused in all sorts of French jargon. As it began to grow dark, I went back to the inn to supper and tea, all which was very good and very cheap: we sat up till they sent our things from the Custom-house, and then the fille de chambre lit me up to bed, which was so very high, I was obliged to jump into it. Next morning, after breakfast, we set out for St. Omers, (which is in French Flanders) in a coach and four, and arrived there at ten minutes after three, at Mrs. Hill's apartments, at the house of M. Petit, Marchand de Bois, Rue de Commandant, vis-à-vis l'hotel, novel d'Angleterre.—Immediately fires were lighted up, and we had a dinner, à-la-mode Françoise, which is three courses of three dishes each, and after dinner I began to look out for hotels and ———; the first I found in great plenty, but none of the latter. I called upon many of the English that I knew in Margate, and about eight o'clock I went to bed, in a room as big as Westminster-hall, with two beds; 'tis rather impossible to find a bed-room in France with only one bed, so that makes good what Sterne says in the conclusion of his Sentimental Journey; and 'tis very common for gentlemen and ladies to lay in the same room at the inns. The bread is very good, as also the butter and tea, and the servants honest and civil. I lost my gold watch key, and there was quite a bustle amongst the servants to know who it belonged to; at last I owned it, and they refused taking any thing. Before I come back I shall, in all probability, go to Lisle, as it is only a day's journey from here, and Mrs. H. has asked me. I have very pressing invitations to stay and paint portraits, by many gentlemen and marquisses here; and there are already upwards of six hundred English families, besides many more daily coming, all people of fortune; upon which I have promised to return as soon as possible, and I have already many commissions to bring with me from England. I shall set out from here on Wednesday morning next, about seven in the morning, on board of the barge that goes every Wednesday and Sunday, and the price is only 24 sous, equal to a shilling English money; there is no trouble attending it, they are sure of reaching Calais in the day, as there is no tide, and being only a canal, just like our New River, they are dragged along by horses. There is one thing that is rather disagreeable attending the conveyance in the barge, which is a set of friars, called Roquilets, the most nasty set of people in the world; they never change their clothes until they drop off their backs, when they are so lousy 'tis impossible they can bear them on themselves; they then send them to be baked, to kill the lice. The use of this set of fellows is, in case of a fire, they are to venture their lives in putting of it out.—They never put on any linen, and only dress in a sort of coarse brown flannel; they are very numerous, and have a pretty good college.—The church music of France is something very strange, as it consists of country dances; and they are remarkably fond of the tune of Nancy Dawson, which they never play in church but of Sundays.—When a person dies, the bells are set a ringing

a ringing, as we do for a rejoicing day. There is very little to be heard in the town, except drums and bells, and little to be seen except priests and soldiers, as the genteel people never walk out on foot, and there are only two coaches for hire; you may have four-penny fares; they only charge according to the distance. The women never have any hats, and in the hardest rain they only throw their gowns over their heads. Upon my arrival in England I shall come up to London, and shall certainly pay Congress a visit, and give them some sort of a treat for supper, as, when I go back again, 'tis a doubt if ever I come to England any more, 'tis such a delightful country; no danger of robbing, and travelling very cheap; and a person may live very well for thirty pounds per annum, and many have not more; people who ran away in the rebellion, and have continued here ever since. Adieu, remember me to Congress, &c. G. MORLAND.

"This letter was not wrote all the same day, as this last side, and what I am writing now, is on Saturday night. They have got a large company, and I have left them to finish my letter. I bought a fine satin waistcoat yesterday, for a quarter price of what it would have cost in London; leathern breeches are only half a guinea per pair, shoes three shillings, cotton stockings half a crown, worsted stockings are dear, and very bad. They make them of one piece, without any distinction for the foot; that must be formed by putting the stocking on. Just now the Bon Dieu was carried by, which is the host, for some person incapable of coming out to receive it."

PEDIGREE & PERFORMANCES

OF THAT

Celebrated Racer, but now valuable Stallion,

HAMBLETONIAN.

Bred by the late Mr. John Hutchinson, of Shipton, near York.

HE was got by King Fergus; his dam, *Grey Highflyer*, by Highflyer; grandam, *Monimia*, (Mr Harris's Highflyer's dam) by Match-'em; great grandam, (Calypso's dam, the dam of Latona) by Alcides; great great grandam, (dam of Flylax, Hemp, Ferdinando, Phlegon, Patrician, Sibylla, &c.) by Mr Panton's Crab, out of an own sister to Slipby, by Lord Portmore's Fox; her dam, the Duke of Bolton's Gipsy, by Bay Bolton, Duke of Newcastle's Turk, Byerley Turk, Taffolet Barb, Place's White Turk, out of a natural barb mare.

The *Fox Mare*, (own sister to Slipby) was the dam of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland's Crab; Sir William Middleton's Childerkin; Mr Shafto's Snap, Northumberland, Swiss, and Legacy, (the dam of Rover, Ranger, and Racket.) The *Fox Mare* was also the great grandam of Lord Bolingbroke's Figuranté, who bred Revenge, Leonora, Troilus, Buccaneer, Freebooter, &c.

At Hambleton, May 5, 1795, *Hambletonian* won a sweepstakes of 15gs each, (5 subscribers) for three-year olds, 8st, two miles, beating Tarquin, Sober Robin, &c.

At York, May 20, he won a sweepstakes of 20gs each, for colts, 8st fillies, 7st 12lb the last mile and half, beating Monica, Hero, and Roseberry:—Five to 4 on Roseberry.

At York, August 22, he was sold to

to Sir Charles Turner, (with his engagements) and on Thursday, he won a sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. (Six subscribers) colts, 8st 2lb fillies, 8st two miles, beating Benjamin, Whynot, and Minus:—Six to 4 on Hambletonian.—On Saturday, in the same Meeting, he won a sweepstakes of 50gs each, (Four subscribers) 8st 3lb the last mile and half, beating Sir T. Gascoigne's bay colt, (afterwards Mr Richardson's Marsk) by Young Marsk; and Lord A. Hamilton's Ironsides, by Volunteer:—Three to 1 on Hambletonian.

At Doncaster, Sept. 22, he won the St. Leger stakes, of 25gs each, (Twelve subscribers) colts, 8st 2lb fillies, 8st two miles, beating Mr Clifton's brother to Overton; Mr Peirse's Whynot; Lord Grosvenor's Ariadne; and Mr Wilson's Duchess:—Six to 4 on Hambletonian. The next day, he won the gold cup, value 100gs, for all ages; three-year olds, 5st 10lb, and four-year olds, 7st 7lb four miles, beating Governor, 3 years old; Eliza, 4 years old; Capsicum, 4 years old; and Bradamanta, 4 years old:—Even betting on the field against Hambletonian.

On Friday, in the York August Meeting, 1796, *Hambletonian* won the subscription purse of 227l 10s for four-year olds, 8st 7lb four miles, beating Spread-Eagle, Sober Robin, and Ironsides:—Five to 4 on Hambletonian. He was then sold to Sir Henry Tempest Vane; and the next day, he won the ladies' plate, four miles, (carrying 7st 7lb) beating St. George, aged, 8st 11lb:—Three to 1 on Hambletonian.

At Doncaster, Sept. 28, he won the gold cup, value 100gs, for three-year olds 5st 10lb, four-year olds 7st 7lb, and five-year olds 8st 3lb, four miles, beating Sober Robin, 4 years old; Ambrosio, 3 years old; Prince Charles, 4 years old; Zemire, 3 years old; and Eliza, 5 years old:—(Hambletonian and Eliza carried 4lb extra for winning at York). Even betting on Hambletonian.

At Newmarket Houghton Meeting, Nov. 2, *Hambletonian*, (4 years old, 7st) beat Mr Tatton's Patriot, 6 years old, B. C. 1000gs:—Two to 1 on Hambletonian.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, April 17, 1797, *Hambletonian* won the Craven stakes of 10gs each, (Thirteen subscribers) for two-year olds 6st, three-year olds 8st, four-year olds 8st 9lb, five year olds 9st 1lb, six-year olds 9st 5lb, and aged 9st 7lb, across the Flat, beating Sober Robin, 4 years old; Paynator, 5 years old; Hermione, 5 years old; Bennington, 5 years old; Parisot, 3 years old; Cymbeline, 6 years old; Miss Whip, 3 years old; Maximus, 4 years old; and three others:—Five to 2 against Hambletonian, and Five to 1 against Bennington. On the same day, at 8st 7lb, he received forfeit from Spread Eagle, 8st B. C. 500gs; h. ft. On Thursday, April 19, at 8st 2lb, he beat Aimator, 6 years old, 8st 3lb, B. C. 300gs:—Even betting.

On Wednesday, in the York August Meeting, he won the subscription purse, of 25gs each, with 50l added by the City of York, (Twenty-five Subscribers) for five-year olds 8st 7lb, four miles, beating Lord A. Hamilton's Ironsides, by Volunteer:—Seven to 1 on Hambletonian. And

On Thursday, *Hambletonian*, (giving his year) won the subscription purse of 25gs each, &c. for six-year olds 8st 10lb, and aged 9st, four miles, beating Beningbrough,

brough, 6 years old; Trimburk, 6 years old; and Brilliant, 6 years old:—Even betting on Hambletonian, and Six to 4 he beat Beningbrough.

At Doncaster, Sept. 27, he won the Doncaster Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, (Ten Subscribers) for three-year olds 6st, and five-year olds 8st 3lb, four miles, beating Lord A. Hamilton's bay colt, by Drone, out of Rosaletta, 3 years old:—High odds on Hambletonian. Friday, Sept. 29, at 8st 3lb, he received forfeit of Mr Sitwell's Moorcock, 6 years old, 8st, four miles, 200gs, h. ft.

Newmarket Craven Meeting, March 25, 1799, *Hambletonian*, 8st 3lb, beat Mr Cookson's Diamond, (same age) 8st, B. C. 3000gs:—The betting, before the race, was nearly even; Six to 4 had been laid in favour of Hambletonian; but the betting at starting were Eleven to 8 and Five to 4 on Hambletonian. At three quarters past one o'clock, both horses started in as fine condition as possible. —Francis Buckle, (Lord Grosvenor's rider) who rode Hambletonian, permitted Dennis Fitzpatrick, who rode Diamond, to take the lead at starting, to prevent any accident of his horse running out of the course; after the horses had run about a mile and a quarter, Hambletonian took the lead, and continued it to the winning post.—Across the Flat, they ran at an amazing speed, Hambletonian leading his adversary about two lengths; after which, they continued so closely together, that doubts were entertained by the betters on both sides; but it was universally allowed that Hambletonian won by about half a length. His last stroke in passing the winning post, was supposed to be seven yards. He appeared to be more spurred than Diamond, but not at all whipped: this, it is well known, arose from his being a lurching horse, and consequently always laying close to his adversary. It was affirmed, that when he exerted his might, he seemed even to lengthen his joints beyond their natural extent, and that if he had been impelled by a greater necessity, his wonderful powers would have still increased the astonishment of the beholders! The Beacon Course measures four miles one furlong and 138 yards; and the race was run in seven minutes and a quarter.

It was supposed, that between two and three hundred thousand pounds were depending on the event of the above race; and, in addition to the original stake of 3000gs, the owners had a bye-bet of 800gs.

The match between Hambletonian and Diamond, drew together the greatest concourse of people ever seen at Newmarket. The company not only occupied every bed to be procured in the place; but Cambridge, and every town and village within twelve or fifteen miles, were also thronged with visitors.—Stabling was still more scarce than the accommodation within doors.

At Doncaster, Sept. 23, (1799) *Hambletonian* won the Doncaster Stakes of 10gs each, (Fourteen Subscribers) with 20gs added, for three-year olds, 6st; four-year olds, 7st 7lb; five-year olds, 8st 3lb; six-year olds and aged, 8st 10lb; 4 miles, beating Barnaby, 4 years old; Timothy, 5 years old; Gamenut, 4 years old; Sir Harry, 4 years old; Caroline, 6 years old; and three others:—Seven to 4 on Hambletonian.

At York, Aug. 28, 1800, *Hambletonian*

bletonian won the Subscription-purse of 225l, for six-year olds, 8st 10lb; and aged, 9st; four miles, beating Dïon and Timothy:—Four and 5 to 1 on Hambletonian.

Hambletonian was only once beat:—This was on Wednesday in the York August Meeting, 1796, when he ran out of the course, just after starting, when running against Spread-Eagle, and the Brother to Overton; otherwise there can be no doubt but that he would have won that race with the same superiority as he did on Friday following, against Spread-Eagle, Sober Robin, and Ironsides. He paid only one forfeit, which was to Mr. Delmé's Stirling, to whom he was to have given 4lb and his year, over the Beacon Course, on Monday, in the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1797.

Hambletonian thus ended his labours, and closed his career of glory at a successful period. He was a bright-bay, stood higher than *Diamond*, and took a much larger scope in his gallop, and was consequently allowed by the most skilful judges, to be the first horse in the kingdom since the time of the famed *Eclipse*: and from his Pedigree, (in which is centered all the best blood in England) size, strength, shape, beauty, and action, has now become a *very valuable Stallion*. He is now (1808) a rich brown colour, and measures 15 hands 3 inches and a half high.

In 1801, he covered at Seacroft-Hall, near Leeds, Yorkshire, at 10gs a mare, and half-a-guinea to the groom; and afterwards at Middlethorpe, near York, at the same price. He is sire of

Lord Fitzwilliam's Norval, (afterwards Mr. Johnson's) Sir Andrew,
Sir J. Shelley's Puss,
Lord Stamford's St. Domingo,
Mr. Garforth's Camillus,
General Grosvenor's Have-at-'em,
Mr. Gascoigne's Dowager,
Mr. Wilson's Smuggler,
Mr. Panton's Timekeeper,
Mr. Sitwell's Shelah and Gooseander,
Mr. C. Smith's Miss Blanchard,
Sir W. Gerard's Pam,
Mr. T. Duncombe's Ceres,
Duke of Hamilton's (afterwards Lord Monson's) Easy,
Mr. Goodall's Joan of Arc,
Sir M. M. Sykes's Theresa,
Sir C. Turner's Bramble and Cousin Abraham,
Mr. Hurst's Humbug,
And many other winners.

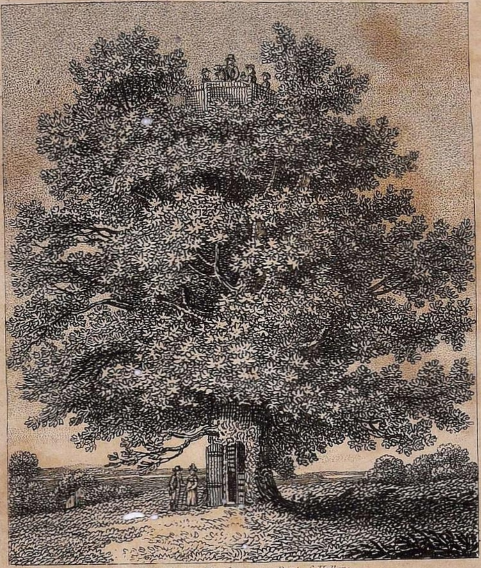
York, Dec. 10, 1808. W. P.

THE HUNTER'S OAK.

A Curious Hollow Tree in Langley Park, near Windsor.—1653.

THIS famous Oak is recorded to have sprung from an acorn planted by Richard de Conisbourgh, second son of Edmond of Langley, some time about the year 1420. After this tree had flourished for more than two centuries, and was of uncommon dimensions, (as will appear), it became so completely excavated, although its boughs retained their perfect verdure, that the proprietor caused a staircase to be framed for the inside, that those who resorted to the Hunter's Oak, might ascend to a pleasure room among the top branches, called the "Forrester's Bower."

The keeping of this place was given to a Mrs. Betty Brown, widow of the old Park-keeper; and her



Etched by Nicholls, from a rare Print of Hollars.

HUNTER'S OAK.

Pub. Jan. 1. 1809, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

her emoluments arose from furnishing, occasionally, a cup of good ale, and rec iving one penny from every visitant that ascended. It frequently happened that the young gentlemen of Eaton College, were her customers, and that they mounted to the top of Betty's bower, to regale themselves with instruments of music, the sounds of which were most agreeably answered by a double echo, a singular kind of concert, but not less pleasant than singular.

The celebrated artist, Hollar, in 1653, made a drawing of the Langley Oak, and afterwards an etching, which is now so scarce, that gentlemen collectors have been known to give five guineas for one, to complete their collections of the works of that master.

It is also recorded of the Hunter's Oak, that, having been one hundred years in vegetation, one hundred years in perfection, and one hundred years in decay, it was one tempestuous night blown down, greatly to the discomfiture of the Park-keeper's widow, who had drawn from it a comfortable support; and that poor Betty, taking the loss to heart, died soon after in the work-house. On hearing of this, a Scholar of Eaton wrote as follows:

On the Death of Betty Brown of Langley.

The thunder, the lightning, the rain, and the wind,
To ruin poor Betty, one ev'ning comb'n'd;
The wind, and the rain, the lightning, and thunder,
Attack'd her old Oak, and they split it asunder:
So poor honest Betty, who liv'd by the Park-house,
Was forc'd to retire, and she died in the Work-house.
Beside her old Hunter, she's lying below,
Till Time calls them up, with—
EVOICK! TALLIO!

Dimensions of The Hunter's Oak.

The bottom above ground, twenty-eight feet.
The breadth of the door, or entrance to the body, two feet.
The compass of the bower at the top, thirty-four feet.
Height of the door, six feet two inches.
Height of the bower, thirty-three feet.
The steps to ascend are in number forty-two.
Persons might sit in and round about the bower, to the number of twenty.
The branches were strong to the last, and extended to an uncommon width, &c. T. N.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF ROBIN HOOD.

THE true name of this personage, was Robin Fitzooth, or Fitz Hugh. The addition of Fitz, common to many Norman names, was afterwards omitted, or dropped. The *th* being turned into *d*, he was called *Ood* or *Hood*. This famous outlaw and deer-stealer, who robbed the rich and spared the poor, was a man of quality; grandson to Ralph Fitzooth, Earl of Kyme, a Norman, whose name is in a roll of Battle Abbey. He came into England with William Rufus: his maternal grandfather was Gilbert de Gaunt, Earl of Lincoln; his grandmother was the Lady Roisia de Bere, sister to the Earl of Oxford,

ford, and Countess of Essex, from whom the town of Royston, where she was buried, takes its name.—His father was under the guardianship of Robert Earl of Oxford, who, by the king's order, gave to him in marriage the third daughter of Lady Roisia.

At Kirklees in Yorkshire, formerly a Benedictine nunnery, it is known, Robin Hood lies buried: Thoresby, from the papers of Dr. Gale, has preserved the following inscription on his tomb, now no longer legible:—

Hear undernead dis laith stearn,
Laiz Robert Earl of Huntingtun,
Na arcir ver az hie sae good,
An pipl kauld im Robin Hood;
Sick utlaws az hie an iz men,
Vil England nivr si agen.

Obit. 24 *Kal.* Dekembris, 1247.

In modern English, thus:

Here, underneath this humble stone,
Lies Robert Earl of Huntingdon;
No archer was like him so good,
And people call'd him Robin Hood:
Such outlaws as he and his men
England will never see again.

He died December 24, 1247.

The name of Fitz Hugh, given to this person, is near enough to justify it as being of Norman origin; Hugh or Hugues, was common in France. The change from Hugh or Ooth, is easily accounted for. The fact is, that *D* represents in Welsh Orthography to this day, the Saxon Theta, answering to our *th*. The Saxons wrote *Nord* and *Sud*, not North and South. This appears also in Robin Hood's epitaph; for *undernead* if properly pronounced, is *underneath*, and *dis* is *this*. The middling sort of people in the provinces, it is clear, have retained most of the language of our ancestors in its purity; they not being exposed, like the higher classes and those of the capital, to a more free, but corruptive intercourse with foreigners.

LIEUT. FAIRMAN,

THE

CELEBRATED PEDESTRIAN.

LIEUT. Fairman, of pedestrian fame, who is now serving with his regiment in Curacao, on the staff of His Excellency the Governor and Commander in Chief, has added, in no small degree, to the celebrity he acquired in England, by extending it unto the distant regions of the torrid zone. Neither the disadvantages of locality, nor the circumstances which heightened them, have yet subdued that invincible spirit of perseverance and determination which he has been allowed to display, on every former trial.

In defiance of a tropical climate, and a vertical sun, in the middle of August last, he entered the lists with a Mr. Grant of the colony, whom he completely run down, in two hours and twenty-five minutes; having, within that time, gone upwards of eleven miles, without halting or refreshing. Grant, who is a fine young man, and of transatlantic nativity, presumed on his being able to endure the violence of the heat better than his opponent, and consequently appointed twelve at meridian for the commencement of the contest. He was obliged, however, to succomb, and acknowledge the superior prowess of his European rival, who exclaiming—"This for the honour of Ireland," mounted his horse and galloped off the course unassisted; while his adversary

versary was supported between two friends, by whom he was conducted to a neighbouring pen.

This is esteemed to be a much greater feat than any that has yet been achieved across the line. The only attempt of the kind ever made before in the southern hemisphere, was between a Lieut. Hughes, of the 10th regiment, and a Lieut. Hutchinson of the 13th; which match took place at Jamaica, in the year 1793. Each party went four times round Kingston race ground, which is called a two-mile course, in a couple of hours. Notwithstanding they started in the cool of the morning, instead of the heat of the day; notwithstanding they took rest and refreshment at the end of every circuit, and fell short of the distance performed as above; the former, who was a Manx man, was compelled to return to England for the recovery of his health, and the latter, who was a West Indian, did not survive the effects of the exertion.

Mr. Fairman indeed, in candour admitted, that although he was so fortunate as to accomplish his undertaking, without sensible injury or apparent inconvenience, he nevertheless experienced more distress and oppression from his last performance, than he had ever done in Europe in accomplishing feats of infinitely greater speed and continuance.

As an athletic sport, and manly exercise—as tending to improve the stamina, and rescue from effeminacy the rising generation—walking matches are highly deserving of every encouragement. Their revival, on this principle, may be justly considered a national advantage.—As such, those gentlemen who have most contributed, by their own example, to bring them into fashion and repute, are most entitled to the gratitude of their country; while those who have patronised and promoted them only in others, are not unworthy of commendation in a less degree. Among the former may be classed Mr. Fairman and Mr. Barclay, whose wonderful and extraordinary exploits have established their right to precedence, and between whom the amateurs have so long been desirous of witnessing a competition, until when, the laurel of England must be divided between them.

We are promised a detailed account of this match, and some astonishing circumstances connected with it, which we intend to present to our readers in a subsequent number. Mr. Fairman has contributed so frequently to the amusement of the Public, that we consider every performance of his entitled to our particular notice.

THE SABLE APPARITION:

OR,

MYSTERIOUS BELL ROPE.

An Extract from a Manuscript Novel.

"'TWAS nothing more, indeed, my dear uncle!! No, indeed, 'twas nothing more!! Dear, dear, how could I suppose it to be any thing more! and yet I even tremble now," exclaimed Miss Godfrey to her astonished uncle, as he entered the house. "For Heaven's sake, my beloved Frances, what has thus dreadfully alarmed you?" returned the old gentleman. "Tell me, I beseech you! I'm on the rack till I know what could possibly have the power of alarming you to this dreadful degree. Come, my

my sweet girl, compose yourself, and relate to me this "soul harrowing" tale; for I'm half inclined (seeing you smile) to suppose it some imaginary evil." "It is indeed, Sir, an imaginary evil, and a very foolish fear: I am very, very angry with myself, and am seriously apprehensive, that in disclosing to you my weakness, I shall draw down your very just animadversion; but if you will give me a patient hearing, and not think me too circumstantial in my narrative, I will give you the then seeming cause for the disorder in which you found me." "Do not fear censure from me, my dear Frances, we all have our weak moments; and I am convinced, a girl with my Fanny's understanding, could not be so alarmed at a very trifling circumstance; therefore proceed, my love; I will promise not to fall asleep over the recital.

"Sitting in my dressing-room at work, I was surprised by a very hasty tap at my door, which I opened, when Monsieur l'Abbé appeared before me, with his hair erect, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his whole frame so convulsed with terror, that I momentarily expected the wax taper which he bore in his hand would make a somerset on my muslin dress. I begged him to inform me if he was ill? whether any thing had alarmed him? if I should ring for his servant? he shook his head, in token of disapprobation of my last interrogatory, and in broken and almost inarticulate accents, begged I would indulge him with a moment's hearing. He then, with much difficulty, addressed me as follows:—

"You know, Miss Godfrey, I am the last man in the world to be frightened at bug-bears, or in other words, superstition and I were ever sworn enemies: I think, then, after reprobating this weakness in others for fifty years, I have this evening become its victim; for to that alone must I ascribe my fears. Listen, then, to the cause of this weakness in me. I was deeply immersed in Horace, when I heard a knocking against the partition that separates the rooms. I paid little or no attention to it at first, when a second time the knocks were repeated with more violence. I then arose, and proceeded to the room whence the noise issued; and directing my eyes towards the bed, to my infinite surprise, I perceived the bell-rope making rapid and extensive strides from one side of the partition to the other. After viewing it for a moment, I thought I would take the liberty of stopping the marble-hearted gentleman's progress; I grasped the bell-rope, it yielded to my embrace, and became quiescent; I sat a moment to observe it, it remained quiet, and I returned to my studies. The instant I was seated, the same noise was repeated with increased violence; I entered the room a second time, and a second time saw the bell-rope in rapid motion. I then examined every corner of the room, without discovering the least trace by which I might elucidate this singular appearance. I again grasped the rope, and again it was motionless: I sat two or three minutes in the room, I believe, during which every thing was perfectly quiet. I returned to my room, when scarcely had I re-seated myself, ere the same noise met my ear, with a sort of hard breathing. This was more than even my philosophy could bear at that moment, and must plead my excuse for appearing before you in the disordered state which you have just witnessed."

"You must pardon me, my good

Sir,

Sir, for smiling," I remarked, "but I really have scarcely had patience to hear you out, so anxious am I to be introduced to this ghost in the shape of a bell-rope! lead me to the haunted room, and you will gratify me beyond measure!"

"Magnanimous courage!" exclaimed Monsieur, "with such a guide, I'd face e'en Beelzebub himself;" when each embracing our taper, we proceeded to the mysterious room. My eager eye sought the bell-rope; but no sooner did I perceive its motion—for it was moving as Monsieur had described—than all my boasted philosophy deserted me. Ashamed to confess as much, I begged my companion to once more stop its progress, and suppressing my emotions, I assisted Monsieur in searching the room. Nothing, however, which possessed animation could we discover, ourselves excepted, and indeed we could scarcely be said to possess it. Monsieur prevailed on me to retire to his sitting room, when perhaps, he observed, we should hear the noise repeated. I acquiesced; when, to my inexpressible horror, our ears were assailed by a tremendous knocking, accompanied by a terrific scream. This was more than human nature could bear. I rang the bell with unusual violence, which brought up two of the female servants. Without communicating our fears, I requested that the groom might be called: he came, and thus in a body we once more ventured to enter this terror-striking room, every corner of which was searched without success; when the groom accidentally moving the bed, out sprung our—*black cat!* She had so completely concealed herself in the head curtain of the bed, that all our endeavours to discover any thing were fruitless; and each time we left the room, she amused herself with patting the pull of the bell, which occasioned its motion, to the infinite terror of a French philosopher and an heroic maiden.

"The 'terrific scream,' was a faint groan, proceeding from a servant who was ill in the house."

M. H.

HORSE CAUSE.

Court of King's Bench, Guildhall, Dec. 12, 1808.

LOTAN *v.* RICKMAN.

THE plaintiff in this case, was a horse-dealer, in Finsbury, and the defendant a tradesman in the Borough. The action was for the damage done to a horse, which the defendant had hired of the plaintiff to go a journey. Smith, the managing man to the plaintiff, stated, that the defendant came to their yard on the 11th July, and wished to hire a horse. He was shewn several hacks, but he said he wanted something gentleman-looking, and which might pass for his own, as he was going on a visit to his brothers. He asked whether he could not have one out of the sale stable. The witness told him they were all high-priced horses in that stable, and never let out to hire. He said he was an intimate friend of the plaintiff's, and he was sure if he were at home, he would let him have any horse in the yard. At length, by his persuasion, and promising to take such good care of the horse, he was induced to let him have a horse, which was valued at 75 guineas, being one in the highest condition. A fortnight afterwards, when the horse

horse came home, he hardly knew it again; it was quite out of condition, lamed, the legs bunged and cut, and in a most miserable state, which he had no doubt was occasioned by hard working and bad feeding.

Several other witnesses spoke to the excellent condition in which the horse went out, and the bad state in which it was returned.

For the defendant it was contended that the horse had been well taken care of, and moderately worked, but that it was a washy ill constitutioned horse, and gave way under the most moderate exercise. To prove this fact, the defendant's brother at Helsinley Park, Sussex, where the defendant had been on a visit, the ostler at Lewis, and the other ostler from the New Inn at Brighton, were all called, who stated that the horse had been duly fed and moderately worked. But there was a period of about eight days, of which no account was given.—The Jury found for the plaintiff, damages £21.

HULM *v.* ALLEN.

DEC. 17.—This was an action for the value of a horse entrusted with the defendant to break into harness. The plaintiff is a Clergyman, and having given 45 guineas for the horse in question, sent him to the defendant's stables in Lamb's Conduit-street, with directions to break him into harness. The plaintiff being informed that the defendant, instead of putting his horse into a break, was using him in his posting business, and observing the condition of his horse materially changed, refused to receive him back, and brought the action to recover his value. The defendant pleaded leave and licence to put him into double harness, and he thought he could not break him better than by sending him an easy stage under the direction of a careful driver. One of the witnesses confessed, that when the posting business was brisk, they sometimes ventured to send out a Lawyer's horse, as they knew those gentry were in Court from nine till four o'clock in the day, and he would not be called for.—Mr. Garrow, in his reply, said that the leave and licence to put the horse in double harness was referable only to the break, and not to a post chaise.

Lord Ellenborough said, if the horse was changed in condition by the defendant's riding him post, the plaintiff had a right to refuse taking him back, and in the present case the defendant had conducted himself so disgracefully, that he should recommend the Jury to find the largest damages the plaintiff was entitled to. Verdict for the plaintiff.—Damages 45 guineas.

FOX HUNTING.

MEYNELL HUNT.

THE Meynell hunt has changed into a subscription pack, at the head of which are Mr. Henry Vansittart, Mr. Germaine, and Mr. Hugh Smith, son of Ashton Smith, Esq. They have lately formed a junction with the Melton Mowbray's, the first Hunt in the world, and have turned out frequently two hundred strong. Mr. Vansittart keeps up a vast establishment in horses and hounds; that Gentleman thinks that five or six hundred guineas is but a trifle for a horse of sterling merit. There are two Hunts in Bedfordshire; Sir Thomas Mostyn's is now in full cry.

Lord

Lord Charles Somerset is at the head of the other, with the Honourable Mr. Stratton. These are the chief Hunts in the kingdom.—The boldest, or most spirited riders are Mr. Wardell, of Oxfordshfre; Mr. Lindo, of Staffordshire; and Mr. Vansittart. Some few anecdotes of these modern Actæons may afford our readers some amusement.

THE GRAFTON HOUNDS.

The Duke of Grafton's fox hounds, in Northamptonshire, had, on Friday last, December 2d, a most brilliant day's sport. At half past ten o'clock the hounds came to Green's Norton, where they were met by the Earl of Euston, Lord Southampton, Lord John Fitzroy, and a long train of distinguished sportsmen. After trying the osier bed without success, a fox was found in a piece of furze adjoining. He broke covert in a most gallant form, and although he was followed by upwards of a hundred sportsmen at starting, yet his game and goodness allowed only four to witness his death. This run, which exceeds almost any of late days, was one hour and twenty-five minutes, without even the smallest check, and the whole time at the very best pace. Mr. Lindon, Tom Ross, the excellent huntsman of these hounds, Mr. Ambrose, and Colonel Royston, were the only persons who were with the hounds for the last three quarters of an hour, the pace and the strength of the fences having beaten the rest of the field. The above, however, were all in together when the fox was killed, after running a space of near thirty miles, in Blakesley-Hall, Stable-yard. Mr. Lindon, who, in Northamptonshire and Leicestershire, is Le Dieu de la Chasse, declares, that he never rode such a chase, although he was mounted on his famous horse the Clipper.

HOLDERNESS.

We have had most excellent sport these two days past with Sir M. M. Sykes's and Mr. Watts's fox-hounds, viz. Monday and Tuesday, the 12th and 13th. On Monday two, if not three, horses died from excess of fatigue, after three runs, two of them severe; and yesterday, Tuesday, we had one of the most extraordinary runs these hounds have ever known. We had a good run from Burton Constable, and killed, after a sharpish business of six or seven miles. We afterwards tried two covers, without finding; but at last had a beautiful find at Ringborough, near Aldborough, and went away most gallantly, on the highest-scenting day we have had this season.

At first the fox took to the northward, and afterwards made a circle, and then took off to near Burton Pidsea, and across Keyingham Drain to Halsham, Oftringham Church Lands, and to Winestead, without a check, where we were obliged to give it up, at near five o'clock, in Colonel Maister's plantations. We had three or four fallows to cross before we got to the road, the dogs could not get fast across them, and the scent was then become coldish, and it was getting dark, so that we called the hounds off. There are more foxes in Holderness than ever were remembered. You may conjecture there were not many of the field with the hounds when they got to Halsham, nor until they gave up; several were tired, and the hounds a great distance from their kennel.

The

The Hunt has been accompanied by a very large assemblage of gentlemen sportsmen from every part of the neighbourhood; and we learn that some days not less than two hundred horsemen have taken the field.—*York Herald.*

BLODWELL ROCK.

A Fox-chase rather remarkable in its nature, lately took place.—As a gentleman was coursing under Blodwell Rock, near Porthywaen lime works, he unkennelled a very large dog fox; and having two couple of beagles, they pursued him through the extensive covers near that rock, to the summit of Llanymynech hill; but, being very hard run, he made a short turn, passing through the Gorwell covers, and along the banks of the river Trunet, near to the village of Llanyblodwell. The beagles then approached him so near, that he was under the necessity of taking the road for Llanddu; and leaving those covers on the left, he returned, much fatigued, near to the place where he was first started. He then went through a large cover called Cowman's Ruff, and back to Llanymynech hill; and in a lime quarry there, he stopped for his little pursuers, who, having ran him in view under that hill, opposite the village of Llanymynech, he ascended a craggy rock, and got into a subterraneous passage of great length, formerly worked, it is supposed, by the Roman miners. Bold Reynard, being somewhat warm, could not long remain in so close a confinement, but had the audacity to make his appearance at the mouth of the passage, and fought his way out, in defiance of the beagles and a brace of greyhounds, which he had beaten before; and taking a direction the same way back, for a considerable distance up a narrow precipice in another part of the rock, he had no alternative of escaping, but by throwing himself down a declivity a little farther on, at least forty feet high, without any apparent injury. He then ran near to the turnpike gate of Llanymynech; but, being met by a canal boat, he altered his course, and ran over the Stair Cerrig hill, where he took another prodigious leap, and then ran along the turnpike road to Oswestry. Having stopped a few minutes in a small close near Llyneklys, the beagles ran him in view for a considerable way; and he was taken alive, after a hard chase of more than four hours, with little or no intermission.

COURSING.

ALL the Meetings in the South differ from the Malton Meeting in running for the prize cup. In the South, each Member subscribes to it, and if present starts a dog, which are drawn by lot to run against each other, two and two.—The next day, the winners of the preceding day run against each other, till all the dogs are run off; and lastly, the two winners of the whole start for the cup. An interest is thus kept alive through the whole Meeting; the best dog is fairly ascertained; and not more than a brace of dogs are started at once, which renders the course a proper trial, which cannot be the case when five or six greyhounds are running together after one unfortunate hare.

THE famous Malton Dog that distinguished himself so much last February at that Meeting, by running

ning five matches for and against the Meeting, and winning them all, was beat in November, at Malton, by a bitch Mr. Boynton brought. This was the finest course in the Meeting; the hare took nearly the same ground as that which produced the well-known course between Major Topham's Galliard and Mr. Mellish's Adela.

PIGEON AND SPARROW SHOOTING.

SPARROWS.

ON Thursday the 15th instant, Mr. James Shoubridge, of London, to decide a bet made a considerable time since by some friends, met them at Patcham, Sussex, and shot at twenty-four sparrows turned out to him; of which he killed fifteen and missed nine.—The bet we understand was "four guineas to one, a dead Bird," as they were respectively turned out. In this way the friends of Mr. Shoubridge won fifteen guineas, and lost thirty-six. Mr. Shoubridge's want of better success, was attributed by many to the strong wind which prevailed during the time appointed for deciding the wager. We believe, however, there are very few gunners who would shoot so well in the most favourable weather. Mr. S. is a native of Horsham.

PIGEONS.

A MATCH of Pigeon shooting lately took place at Ewell, which was numerously attended by most of the known shots, amongst whom was Mr. Shoubridge, abovementioned. The match was between twelve members, for a horse, value twelve guineas, which was won by Rideout, the keeper to James Lawrell, Esq. of Eastwick-Park, but in which he was stoutly opposed by Hopton, another keeper, of Headly. This match afforded a great deal of mirth to the spectators, and brought to recollection the old adage, "two of a trade can never agree," and Rideout evidently began to shew a little of the *white feather*, refusing to let Hopton shoot any more out of his gun, which he had done before the ties were shot off. The gun he now had requiring a slighter pull than Rideout's, in putting it to his shoulder it went off, and he missed his bird, which of course decided the match; leaving Rideout the victor.

Dec. 24, 1808.

PUGILISM.

A Sanguinary boxing match for what the combatants termed a *glass of gin* and a *belly-full*, took place on Tuesday the 13th instant, near Wormwood Scrubs, between Richard Jones, a professor; and one George Toby, a coachman.—There was a numerous meeting; and after a subscription had been entered into to compliment the winner, the combatants stoutly contended for the purse (three guineas) for one hour and twenty minutes, when Jones was declared the conqueror. *Gluttony* took the lead of *science*, the combatants having *milled* each other until they were blind; and in that situation they were placed to each other by their seconds for the last ten minutes.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

AN IRISH FORGERY.——At a provincial assize, not long since, in Ireland, an attorney was tried upon a capital charge of forgery. The trial was extremely long; when, after much sophistry from the counsel, and the most minute investigation of the judge, it appeared, to the complete satisfaction of a crowded court, that the culprit had forged the *signature* of a man *who could neither read nor write!*

A FEW days since, a gentleman very gravely wrote to another—"Sir, you have deprived me of the very best friend I had to my back." Upon explanation, it appeared that the latter had neglected to return a borrowed *great coat!*

A WOMAN, lately brought before a country magistrate, behaving with much confidence, was told by his Worship, that she had *brass* enough in her face to make a five-gallon kettle. "Yes," answered she, "and there is *sap* enough in your head to fill it!"

BON MOT.—A fashionable party passing through a certain country borough a few days since, were so insufferably assailed in their delicate sense of smelling, that one of the ladies was induced to ask what filthy place it could be? "Do not abuse it, my Lady, said another, for it is a borough that returns two members to parliament." "Then," replied the Lady, "I am sure it must be a *rotten* borough."

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.——Ross, formerly an actor of high reputation on the London boards, and proprietor of the Edinburgh theatre, while he was at Lyme, being a great favourite among the visitors, was applied to by Davis, the manager of a theatrical company at that place, to bespeak a play. The farce was "Three Weeks after Marriage."—Davis undertook the part of Sir Charles, and Miss Stanly was quite at home in Lady Racket, having often played it with Mr. Lewis, of Covent Garden Theatre, whose *business* she wrote down for Davis's instruction. One thing she particularly desired was, when they are parting after the first quarrel, she says, "Won't you go to bed?" he was to reply, "No, madam, I'll never go to bed with a woman who does not know *what's trumps.*"—He had taken great pains to be correct; but not being at all easy in the part, and seeing the eyes of Mr. Ross intently fixed upon him from the stage box, when the fatal question was put, "Come, Sir Charles, won't you go to bed?" he replied, "No, madam, I'll never go to bed with a woman *that trumps!*"—The house was in a roar—Davis, perceiving his mistake, made it worse, by bawling out, "Ladies and gentlemen, I did not mean any such thing—I meant trumps at cards—diamonds, spades, clubs; that is, I——" and off the stage he ran, being with great difficulty persuaded to appear again that evening.

AN

An inhabitant of a country town inquiring of the Coroner his opinion of a recent suicide, the latter carelessly answered, "that it was a *common felo de se.*"—"You don't say so," replied the interrogator; "well, I must confess that I had a higher opinion of poor ——, and never thought him a *common fellow d'ye see.*"

A gentleman who confines himself to a *vegetable* diet, being in a violent passion, a friend observed, that "it was no more than might be expected from such a *redundancy of pulse!*"

A principal singer at one of our provincial theatres, having taken fresh lodgings, was practising his part in the duet of "All's well," in the English Fleet; and had just come to that part of it, where he was to chaunt forth "Who goes there?" when the simple servant girl was passing his room door, which she immediately opened with terror in her countenance, crying, "Lord, Sir, don't be angry, it's only I, going to make your bed."

The late Dr. Haweis began his career in life, as the antagonist of the famous John Wesley, who wrote a very foolish pamphlet, called *Primitive Physic*, full of very rash and dangerous recipes. The Doctor, however, humanely interfered between the divine and his hearers, who resolved to *take* any thing of him except his physic.

A barrister of considerable eminence being at a loss lately for a family motto to his arms, hit upon a professional allusion, and his carriage now displays the following—"*Causes produce effects.*" A gentleman of the same profession, in another part of the United Kingdom, who also realized a good fortune by his talents and industry, but whose ostentation of the *summum jus* became proverbial, being in like manner unable to embellish his arms with an hereditary inscription, adopted one not only professional but appropriate, and his heraldic bearings are now ornamented with the special plea of "*Rien in arrere*," which gave rise to the following epigram—

> He's "nothing in arrear," 'tis true;
> He pays his way, pays man his due.
> But sly Old Nick to this replies,
> He must plead double, if he's wise.
> "For work and labour done," I sue,
> His single plea won't, therefore, do;
> So if he would my action doff,
> He has a chance by a—"Set off."

An honest jack tar would be coached up to London from Deptford, but thought it a very unbecoming thing in him, who had just been paid off, and had plenty of money, not to have a whole coach to himself; of course, he took all the places, seating himself at the same time upon the top. The coach was about to set off, when a gentleman appeared, who was holding an altercation with the coachman, on the absurdity of his insisting that the seats were all taken, and not a person in the coach. Jack, overhearing high words, thought, as he had paid full freight, he had a right to interfere, and inquired what was the matter. On being told that the gentleman was much disappointed at not getting a seat, he replied—"You lubber, stow him away in *the hold*, but I'll be d—d if he come *upon deck!*"

Original Anecdote.—Two Englishmen and an Irishman having been impressed in London, from

whence they were taken to a general rendezvous at Cork, to be examined concerning their places of abode, professions, &c.—"Well," said the admiral, to one of these originals, "what trade are you?" "An *upright*, please your worship." "An upright!" replied the naval pillar, "What the devil is that?" "A *chimney sweep*," said John Bull. The other Englishman, when interrogated, replied, "I am a *downright*, at your service, Sir;" i. e. a *shoe-black*. "Well, Teague, where were you born?"—"In the *kingdom* of Dublin, your honour." "What is your profession?"—"A *wooden jeweller*," answered Pat, shrugging up his shoulders, and scratching his head. "I never heard of a *wooden* jeweller," said the admiral to his clerk—"look the registry of names and trades." This book was examined for two hours, and no such profession appeared. The patience of the officers being exhausted, they insisted the native of *Shamrockshire* should explain.—"Och, dear gentlemen," said Paddy, "I *made pegs for a slater*."

A Cockney Traveller.—A gentleman was observing, a few evenings since, to a friend who was going to India, that in passing the *Straits* of *Sunda* he most likely would see cockle-shells of an astonishing size; to which one of the company innocently answered—"Sir, I've walk'd the *streets* on *Sunday*, but never saw any of the curiosities you mention." The gentleman advised him, to extend his walks to *Billingsgate!*

A punster observing a *John Doe* running after an *author*, remarked, that it was a new edition of the *Pursuits of Literature!*

As a countryman was lately gazing in a jeweller's shop, in the Strand, a person from a window exclaimed, "Friend, do you think you are in *heaven?*" to which he answered, "No, Sir, but I might, had I not looked up, and seen the *devil* in the window."

A gentleman inquiring of a naval officer, why sailors generally take off their shirts in going into action, was answered, "that they were unwilling to have any *check* to fighting."

A physician seeing Charles Bannister about to drink a glass of brandy, said, "Don't drink that filthy stuff; brandy is the worst enemy you have." "I know that," replied Charles; "but you know we are commanded by scripture to *love our enemies*."

Provincial Stage.—An Actor, it is said, was lately announced in the bills of a country stage, as a performer from Drury-lane Theatre, who, it seems, had only supported the *character* of one of the *legs* of the Elephant in "Blue Beard." A predecessor of this London actor was some years ago announced, with equal formality, in a country town, who had not even appeared upon a London stage, but only imitated the *crowing of a cock*, behind the scenes, in "Hamlet."

A gentleman asked a clergyman, a friend of his, who was shewing him the inside of his church, why they always put the mottos of the achievements in Latin. "I suppose," answered the divine, "because it is a *dead* language."

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE long depending Sweepstakes of five hunters, which have taken tickets for the King's Hundred, at the Ascot races, took place on Monday, the 12th instant, for 25gs each, on Ascot Heath; a two-mile heat, between Messrs. Tighe, Hewitt, Fitzgerald, Villers, and Fenwick. The gentlemen and horses appeared on the ground at two o'clock, when Mr. Villers and Mr. Fenwick withdrew their horses, they being out of condition. The three first started for the stakes, which shewed good sport, and was won by Mr. Tighe's horse. A great number of sportsmen and gentlemen attended on the occasion.

THE two celebrated and very valuable stallions, Ambrosio and Kill-Devil, with the brood mares, colts, and fillies, hitherto kept at Barham Wood, near Edgeware, Middlesex, are to be sold at Mr. Tattersall's, some time in January next. Such an opportunity to breeders to enrich their studs by some of the best bred horses, &c. does not frequently occur. Ambrosio and Kill-Devil were both stout good runners, and, from the few that have appeared in public, their stock will not disgrace them. Ambrosio won the St. Leger stakes at Doncaster; also the first, third and main of the Oatlands stakes at Newmarket, besides many others. Kill-Devil, in 1800, (then three years old) won ten times, travelling in England and Wales, above 1500 miles; and in the Spring following, proved himself the best four-mile horse in England. He is the only well-bred son of Rockingham now in the kingdom.

ON Wednesday, the 14th instant, as Mr. Evitt, of Wivelsfield, Suffolk, was riding a hunter (upwards of 22 years of age) up Clayton Hill, in company with a friend, the cry of a pack of hounds, in pursuit of a hare, was suddenly heard, at which the old horse pricked up his ears, neighed, and seemed greatly elated; on which Mr. Evitt's friend observed to him, that the animal never looked better, and that he thought he would last him another ten years; but the words were scarcely out of his lips, when the horse suddenly fell, gave a faint neigh after he was down, and instantly expired.

MR. Elwes's Mary, (Christopher's dam) by Highflyer, died about a month ago with a colt foal in her by Sancho.

A GENTLEMAN on the turf has taken 500gs to 30gs several times over, that Zodiac and Sir David each win a class in the Newmarket Oatlands.

A WONDERFUL PONEY.—A match for 100gs was performed on Saturday the 10th instant, on the road from Staines-bridge to Sunbury, Middlesex, which exceeded every thing of the kind on sporting record. A mean-looking poney, under thirteen hands, the property of —— Biss, esq. was backed for the

the above sum to go twelve miles in harness. Sir T. Wright backed time against the poney, and the Rev. Mr. Pope was umpire, who, with Sir Thomas, rode with the poney. The match was lost by two minutes; the poney, which is not bigger than a fine dog, never broke. The odds before starting were against the performance. The poney is matched again for a round sum to go thirteen miles, trot or gallop, in an hour, this week.

THE celebrated racer, Sir Paul, is sent into the stud for a stallion: He will cover mares at 10gs each, and a guinea to the groom, the ensuing season, at Wentworth Lodge, near Rotherham, Yorkshire. He was got by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Pewett, by Tandem. Mr. Peirse's famous racing mare, Rosette, was out of a daughter of Tandem.

ONE day last month, as a gentleman, of Claydon, Suffolk, was engaged in shooting, one of his dogs suddenly made a point at a hare, which, on his approach, jumped up, and sprang with such violence against one of the pointers, as to break the dog's shoulder bone.

ON Saturday the 16th instant, several gentlemen met at Great Baddow, near Chelmsford, Essex, to decide a very singular bet, that a dog, (between the hound and the spaniel) the property of Mr. William Bridges Wiggins, of Little Sir Hugh's, should, without the assistance of any other dog, run down a hare, which was to be found for him. The hare was started in the presence of upwards of twenty horsemen, when Tatler immediately set about his work, and after an hour's hard coursing, during which time the dog and hare crossed two rivers, the dog won the bet, never losing scent during the chace.—The bets were universally in favour of the hare, but to the astonishment of every sportsman present, the dog performed what was thought almost impossible, being eight years old and nearly blind.—After the hunt, eighteen gentlemen sat down to a good dinner provided on the occasion, at the White Horse, Great Baddow, and the evening was spent with conviviality. The same bet has been made again, and is to be decided at Great Baddow—the hare the favourite.

ON Tuesday the 6th instant, Mr. Wm. Goodman, son of Mr. Simon Goodman, of Stag's Holt, near March, Cambridgeshire, was convicted in the penalty of £5. on the information of Robert Bevill, Esq. for sporting, not being qualified; when £2. part thereof, was paid for the benefit of Addenbrooke's Hospital.

ON the 6th instant, a gang, consisting of about twelve persons, armed with guns and bludgeons, assembled and shot through the woods and plantations of Mr. Poyntz, at Cowdray, and barbarously beat one of the keepers. Mr. Poyntz offers a reward of Ten Pounds on the conviction of each offender.

FOOT-RACE.—The long pending match against time, made for 100 guineas, between Captain Parfet, of Charlotte-street, and Mr. Giblertt, was decided on Tuesday the 27th inst. on the Hampton road, by the Captain. The match was to perform four miles in twenty-four minutes, in four starts, and the whole to be done in three quarters of an hour. The ground picked to run over was an imperceptible ascent, and the Captain did the first mile in five minutes and

and a second. After waiting five minutes. he performed the second mile in five minutes and a half; and the third in six minutes, forty-nine seconds, with considerable difficulty. The match here became a sportive one; for although Captain P. had six minutes forty-nine seconds to perform the last of the four miles, it was even betting that he did not start again, and two to one that he lost. The pedestrian, after waiting twenty minutes, did start, and ran the mile in four seconds less than the given time.—He is not more than five feet four, and of thick stature.

A MATCH has been made for Mr. Wilson, bookseller, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to go 1000 miles in twenty successive days, for 1000 guineas; and Mr. Shakespear backs time. The pedestrian will undertake the task on the 11th of April, and will perform from Shoreditch Church to the 25th mile-stone on the Cambridge road, and return each day. Mr. W. is the pedestrian who performed a match of 1000 miles at Newmarket, in October last. High odds are betted against the performance. Mr. W. is to go the fifty miles in fourteen hours, and to drink nothing but water during his journey.

A FEW days since, a person residing in Cleveland-street, undertook, for a wager of two guineas, to go four miles within the hour, carrying eighteen large blankets, six under each arm, and six round his body, which he performed, apparently with the greatest difficulty, in three minutes less than the time allowed.

SATURDAY morning last, the 10th instant, a foot-race, for five guineas, took place, between Mr. George Frost, of Horringer, and Mr. Richard Butters, of Ixworth; the distance chosen was five miles, on the Newmarket-road, near Bury, and the race, after being well contested, was decided in favour of the former, who performed the distance in 30 minutes.

IN the early part of this month, as Mr. Barret, a respectable farmer, of Wanborough, Wilts, being on a visit to Mr. Pinnegar, of Round Robin farm, in Highworth parish, was shewing how his mare could leap, and standing too near her heels, with a short whip, with which he struck her, she flung herself out with great violence, and kicking him in the left side, killed him on the spot.

ON Wednesday the 21st instant, as a fisherman was standing on the East-Cliff, Brighton, he observed a cock pheasant flying along the shore, to which he and several others, immediately gave chase, and soon secured. A lady who happened to be a spectator of the chase, and admiring the extreme beauty of the feathered captive, purchased him of his pursuers, and sent him to her residence to be taken care of.

ON Saturday the 7th instant, a countryman, with a basket of game, passing through Oxford-road, was induced to resent some insult offered by a passenger, and stripped to fight, consigning his load, &c. to the care of a person who seemed much interested in his favour. At the close of the contest, however, he discovered that his quondam friend had marched off with his clothes and game.

THE Duke of Richmond has been on a shooting party at a gentleman's

man's seat, near Dublin, where he shot one day twelve brace and a half of woodcocks, which his Grace considers, as a sportsman, a very great achievement.

About ten days since, as James Andrews, gamekeeper to Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill, was out shooting rabbits, he handed his loaded gun to a boy, with orders to keep the lock dry. The boy threw the flap of his coat over the lock for that purpose; and it being on the cock, the gun went off, and lodged the contents in the body of the unfortunate keeper, who languished in great agony till Sunday the 11th instant, and then expired.

On Tuesday, the 20th instant, as Mr. James Lee, son of Mr. Lee, of the Pad Inn, Lancing, was shooting wild-fowl in the brooks near that place, the barrel of the gun burst near the breech, and shattered his hand in so dreadful a manner, that amputation was deemed necessary, which was performed almost immediately after the accident; and we are happy to add, that the young man is doing as well as can be hoped for under such circumstances.

Early on the morning of Wednesday se'nnight, Nov. 30, the family of Mrs. Murray of Tinwell Lodge, near Stamford, was alarmed by an unusual noise which proceeded from the stable. Upon investigation, it was found that a boar had entered the stable, and gored several of the horses. One of them was so much injured, that the entrails had fallen to the ground.

At the Worship-street Police Office, on Tuesday the 27th inst. three notorious horse-stealers were examined. It appeared that twelve horses have been traced and recovered, which were stolen by this daring gang in the Isle of Ely, and other parts of the country: yet, from letters and private information received, it is supposed that a number more will be recovered.—Six clear charges have been made out against them. They were all committed for further examination, and will finally be sent down to Ely, to take their trials at the next ensuing assizes.

SPARRING EXHIBITIONS.

THE first of these exhibitions for the present season, took place on Tuesday the 13th instant, at the Fives-court, in St. Martin's-street, for the benefit of the celebrated veteran Will Ward. The supplicant, who has been labouring under a decline for a length of time, had a full meeting, which was a tribute due to past services.

The setting to was between Gully and Crib, Dutch Sam and Dogherty, young Belcher and Richman the black, Dogherty and Powell, &c. &c. The exhibition between young Belcher and Richman afforded plenty of amusement, but although inferior in weight and length, Belcher had a most decisive advantage; and it was an opportunity for him to display that merit which he possesses so pre-eminently, and which has seldom offered.

The two champions of the present day, Gully and Crib, next presented themselves, and no match with gloves ever afforded more gratification. The conquerors of Gregson were eyed with the most minute attention, and every movement

ment displayed the highest perfection in the art of attack and defence. Gully is as noted for the scentific method of boxing as he is for a game man; and Crib falls something short of him in the first requisites, and consequently, to the eye of an amateur, had something the worst of the *set-to*. The diversion closed at three o'clock, and the company departed well satisfied. The only matches made are between Belcher and Crib, and young Belcher and Farmer.

On Friday the 16th instant, one of the most scientific displays of the pugilistic art, which we have witnessed for a long time, took place in the King's Bench. Harry Lee is a resident in that Mansion, and a number of his friends (in order to testify their attachment to a gallant veteran of the fist) came forward to serve him; many amateurs of fashion were present. The first set-to was between Gregson and Lee, and afforded great entertainment; but on this, as on more momentous occasions, science subdued strength. The disparity of muscular powers between the parties is well known; but although Gregson with the utmost good humour and suavity of temper threw out all his force, Lee had the advantage.—When these combatants and three or four others were exhausted, the Hon. Thomas Coventry was prevailed upon to put on the gloves, and entered the list with Bitton, who in the handsomest manner exerted himself for his friend Harry Lee.

We regret extremely to state, that instead of the athletic vigorous form and manly figure which Mr. C. has formerly exhibited, he appears emaciated and fallen off in his person, to a degree that must give pain to all his friends; though he set-to with his usual skill, we regret to be obliged to apply to him the words of a Classical Poet,

"O quam mutatus ab illo."

Next Mr. White, a pupil of the scientific Bitton, (after exhibiting with his tutor), had a few rounds with a Lincolnshire man, who has long had great confidence in his own strength: they had not set-to long before they began what is technically called to rough it, and the country man retired perfectly satisfied with a complete drubbing.—A number of others also exhibited, and afforded great satisfaction.

BOXING.

A GRAND battle was fought on Monday the 19th instant, for a stake of 500 guineas, in Sir P. W. Frankum's Park, at Rottinden, near Devizes. between Code, one of Mr. Frankum's servants, and J. Weston, a Warminster man.—The battle took place at ten o'clock in the morning, in the presence of a thousand spectators, and the seat of action was very desirable for the purpose of baffling interference.—The objects were regular fighters, from the nursery in the west, and the combat afforded abundant diversion; at setting to, Weston was backed at odds, from his tried bottom, but after six rounds had been fought, Code brought the betting to an equality, by displaying superior courage. It was tremendous fighting at hitting distance, and but little closing. The battle lasted thirty-two minutes, but unlike the town pugilists, at least twenty-five minutes were spent in exchanging hits. Weston was beat by a cross-buttock, which prevented his standing up again.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

LINES

On Maria's winning the Silver Cup, at the last Ilsley Coursing Meeting.

See Sporting Magazine for Nov. p. 67.

TO W. COBBETT, ESQ.

O FOR thy flowrets, May! to deck
 In brilliant wreaths Maria's neck:
The blushing rose, the jasmine fair,
The heart's-ease gay, should mingle there.
But chill November's dreary day
Has chas'd each blooming flower away:
The sad arbutus, drooping pale,
And bending to the wint'ry gale,
Or laurestinus, modest flow'r!
Alone survive the cheerless hour.
Then round her neck of jetty hue,
Entwine the band of heavenly blue;
Colour of triumph! to proclaim
Maria's deeds, Maria's fame.

And ne'er, Maria! greyhound true
Like thee o'er hill and valley flew;
And ne'er, like thine, on Ilsley's plain,
Could dauntless spirit vanquish pain.
Fresh and unhurt thy rivals stood,
Thy wounded feet all bath'd in blood;
But when the destin'd prey was found,
These little feet scarce felt the ground,
Chas'd thy poor victim like the wind,
And left each far-famed dog behind.
In vain the fated quarry flies,
Her death decides the envied prize;
Loudly th' assembled crowd proclaim
My own Maria's well-earn'd fame,
And round her neck of raven hue,
They twine the band of victor blue.

Bertram House. M. R. M.

TO MY BOOTS.

I WANT new subjects for my muse,
 But still I cannot find recruits;
And rather than my moments lose,
 I'll pen a poem on my boots.

Laugh not, ye wise ones, at my choice.
 Those boots are friends, *old* friends of mine;
And much it does my pride rejoice,
 To wear them when they brightly shine.

What though on one there is a patch,
 And both have oft been sol'd and heel'd,
What though they don't exactly match,
 Their services shall be reveal'd.

They've born their master twice two years,
 Nor e'er from dirty work have flinch'd;
My corns from them have now no fears,
 For long it is since they have pinch'd.

They've stuck to me in joy and grief,
 Not even want could them offend;
They've sav'd me stockings past belief,
 And hid the holes I could not mend.

In winter time they kept me warm,
 On dirty days they kept me dry;
In spring I sported them for form,
 And eke in summer so did I.

And while their master saw with fears,
 The changes time in states reveals;
These boots have known in four short years,
 Four fashions, in the shape of heels.

But

But of these four, the last is best,
  Where brazen bottoms bear the boots;
May the inventor long be blest,
  For me and mine full well it suits.

Such, and so good, my boots have been,
  No flatt'ry has disgrac'd my pen,
I've said no more than what I mean,
  Not such our praise when 'tis of men.

Long as they've serv'd me, yet I trust
  They'll last, at least, as long again,
And when they go! as all things must!
  I'll write an elegiac strain!!!

Dec. 3, 1808. J. M. L.

USES OF RAPID RIDING.

YOU ask Dick Dash, whose speed abounds,
"Why he will ride before your hounds?"
Reasons he gives of sovereign force,
He lames the dogs, and kills his horse.
And if wild foxes will run riot,
He turns them back, to keep them quiet,
Sure in such riding there's no sin,
You often want a—*whipper-in!*

AUTOLICUS.

THE ORIGINAL JOLLY ANGLERS.

OH the gallant fisher's life,
  It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
  And 'tis belov'd by many:
    Other joys
    Are but toys;
    Only this
    Lawful is;
    For our skill
    Breeds no ill,
      But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,
  Ere Aurora's peeping;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
  Leave the sluggard sleeping:
    Then we go
    To and fro,
    With our nacks
    At our backs,
    To such streams
    As the Thames,
      If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
  For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
  Full of delectation;
    Where in a brook,
    With a hook,
    Or a lake,
    Fish we take;
    There we sit,
    For a bit,
      Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
  We have paste and worms too;
We can watch both night and morn,
  Suffer rain and storms too:
    None do here
    Use to swear;
    Oaths do fray
    Fish away:
    We sit still,
    And watch our quill;
      Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
  Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get,
  For a friendly shelter;
    Where in a dike,
    Perch or pike,
    Roach or dace,
    We do chase,
    Bleak or gudgeon,
    Without grudging;
      We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
  Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
  Making earth our pillow;
    Then we may
    Think and pray,
    Before death
    Stops our breath;
    Other joys
    Are but toys,
      And to be lamented.

J. CHALKHILL.

ESSENTIALS OF A POET.

THOSE who the warmth poetic feel,
  Had ought to be as *Sterne* as *Steele*;
As any *Pope* they should be *Gray*,
And yet be always *Young* and *Gay*.
Then might their writings shake the spheres,
Yet not be equal to *Shake-spear's*.

On

ON THE

PRICE OF VENISON.

FIVE guineas for a haunch! O shame!
O what expensive cheer!
Yet here there's nothing new to blame:
Ven'son is always——DEER.

SNORA'S FATE;

OR,

THE COOK, THE ALDERMAN & THE HATTER.

SWEET Snora was fat as a great porpoise pig,
And was cook to an alderman fatter;
A man courted her, who was not quite so big,
And he was a journeyman hatter.

And he often would sing to sweet Snora so fat,
A sorrowful, sad, love-lorn ditty,
"Oh, love!" he would cry, "my heart beats pit a pat,
"Then shew poor Pill Garlick some pity."

But some who were envious, thought proper to say,
More than her, he laid siege to the mutton,
For a sop in the pan he would have ev'ry day,
And was thought a most terrible glutton.

But, ah! lovers oft get ill-us'd by the world,
And to shew that 'this hatter lov'd truly,
He came ev'ry day that the jack nimbly twirl'd,
And as it went down, wound it duly.

But here the salt tear must fall down this pale cheek,
For my tale must be truly related;
Poor Snora ne'er dreamt at the end of the week,
What a fate for her person awaited.

'Twas on Michaelmas-day, a fat goose at the fire,
Quite tempted the truth of her lover,
Who was present, and much the plump bird did admire;
He'd a taste both for geese and for plover.

But, alas! the poor cook fell asleep in the pan,
Whilst her sweet-heart went down to the cellar;
And when he came up, to have seen the poor man,
You'd have thought him a raving mad fellow.

For the fire had scorch'd up all the brains Snora had,
Death had seiz'd her fat form in his clutches;
Her lover thought this had a look very bad,
And totter'd, as wanting some crutches.

"But," says he, "don't suppose I will now turn my back,
"No, I'll die with my much-ador'd Snora;"
Saying this, he suspended himself from the jack,
And died, the fat cook-maid's adorer!

J. M. L.

EPIGRAM.

ON SEEING A PICTURE OF UGOLINO.

"THIS Ugolino? psha!" says Will,
"He's painted much too skinny;"
"Prithee," replied his friend, "be still—
You find fault like a ninny:
Were *you* imprison'd three long days,
With nought your teeth between-o,
When on the fourth you go your ways,
I'll warrant—*You-go-lean-o!*"

W. M'Dowall, Printer.